

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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CHRISTMAS
NUMBER
1933

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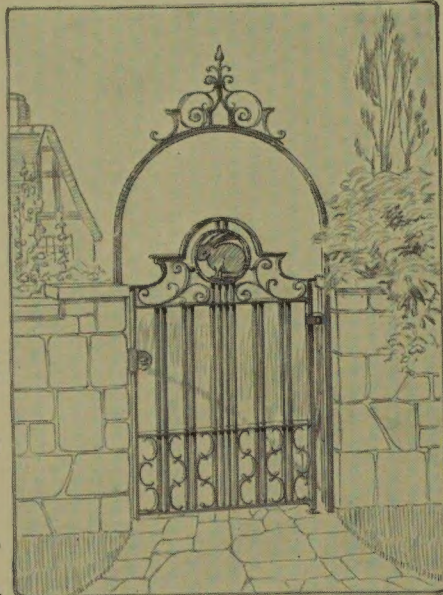
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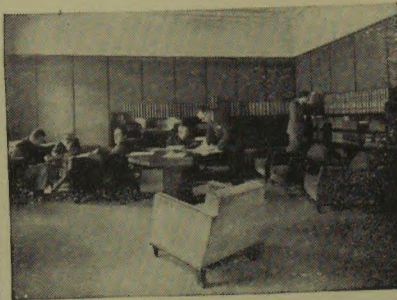
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THE COCKCROW THAT SAVED A BRITISH SHIP.
IN THE "MARLBOROUGH" ON THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

From the Picture by A. D. McCormick, R.I.

"A whisper of surrender was said to have been uttered... At this moment a cock, having by the wreck been liberated from the broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud; in an instant three heavy cheers rang through the ship's company, and no more talk of surrender."

The Illustrated London News Christmas Number

1933

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

COVER-PICTURE. By FÉLIX DE GRAY.

PRESENTATION PLATE: "THE COCKCROW THAT SAVED A BRITISH SHIP." From the Picture by A. D. McCORMICK, R.I.

When Lord Howe defeated the French off Ushant, on June 1, 1794, the hard-pressed "Marlborough" might have surrendered to the French had not the crowing of the cock re-kindled the flagging spirits of the crew.

"IT WAS A MORTAL MALE CHILD, NO RICH LOOT." A Colour Page by GORDON NICOLL.

The ending of the first episode of "Bitter Variance," an admirable story of a family feud, is finely illustrated here—the escape of the last Brews infant from the holocaust of his house.

BITTER VARIANCE. I.—"Bitter Variance," Christmas, 1471. II.—"The Last Trick," Christmas, 1671. III.—"Over the Water," Christmas, 1744. IV.—"The Only Possible Thing," Christmas, 1933. A Story in Four Episodes by CAROLA OMAN, Author of "The Best of his Family," "Major Grant," "Crouchback," etc. Profusely Illustrated in Colour and in Monochrome by GORDON NICOLL.

THE LACE-MAKER. By J. VERMEER. A Full-Page in Colours, After the Picture "La. Dentellière."

THE OLD ROADS OF BRITAIN. Six Pictures Specially Painted by LIONEL EDWARDS. With Poems by DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

ONCE-UPON-A-TIME LAND. Two Pages of Fairyland, in Colours, from the Paintings by FÉLIX DE GRAY.

A PAINTER'S VISIONS OF WAGNER. Four Pages in Colours, from Pictures Specially Painted for *The Illustrated London News* by JOSÉ SEGRELLES. With an Article by PHILIP PAGE.

INSIDE THE RING-FENCE. By LADY ELEANOR SMITH. Illustrated with Reproductions in Colours from the Paintings of Circus Life by SEAGO. The writer has made a special study of circus life.

THE GOOD BOY, AND THE BAD BOY. Two Full-Pages in Colours from the Pictures by CECIL ALDIN, the famous painter of dogs.

Worthy companion pictures to the Cecil Aldin subjects presented with the last four Christmas Numbers of *The Illustrated London News*.

THE "LIVRE D'AMIS" OF MARGUERITE DE VALOIS. With Illustrations in Colours from the Original "Keepsake" Book. With Verses and a Description by BARBARA BINGLEY.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. A Fable by JOSEPH HARDWICKE. With Illustrations in Colours.

MAN'S HAPPINESS! A Page in Colours from the Picture by NORMAN LINDSAY.

THE BATTLE OF THE TREES. A Short Story by MARGUERITE STEEN, Author of "Unicorn," "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," etc. With Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMASSE CUSTOMS. A Full-Page in Colours by FIONA CAMERON.

MANFRED'S DESCENT TO AHRIMAN'S FIERY REALM. A Full-Page in Colours from the Painting by GUSTAV ADOLF MOSSA.

THE GREEN LADY OF LACINGS. A Short Story by LADY FLAVIA GIFFARD. With Illustrations by A. K. MACDONALD.

THE PRICE OF A SONG. A Detective Story by ANTHONY GITTINS.

NOTE.—All the characters in the fiction in this number are imaginary.



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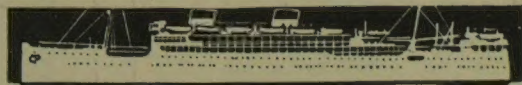
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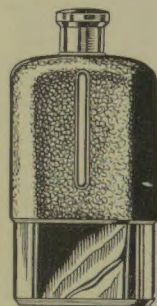
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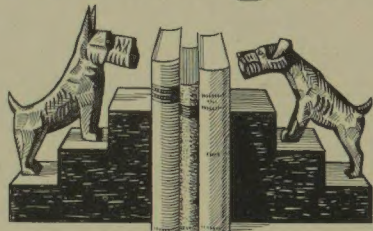
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge, England



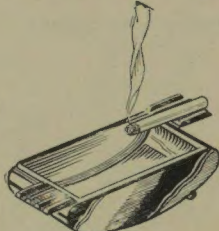
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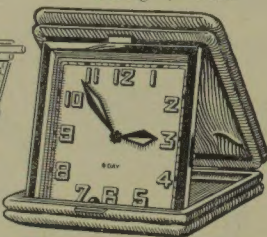
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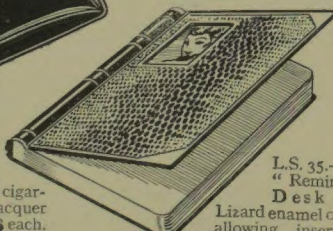
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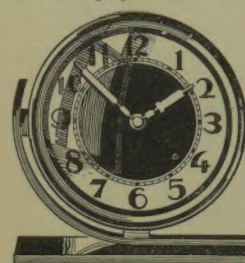
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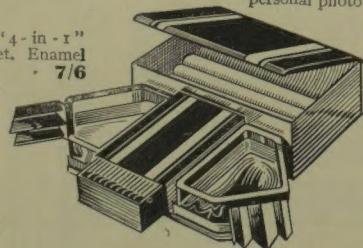
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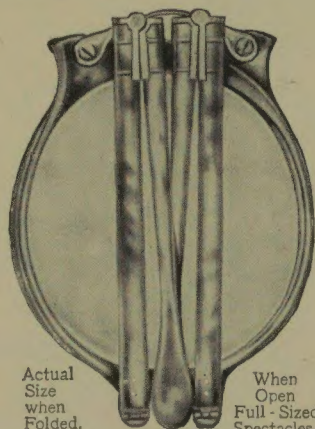
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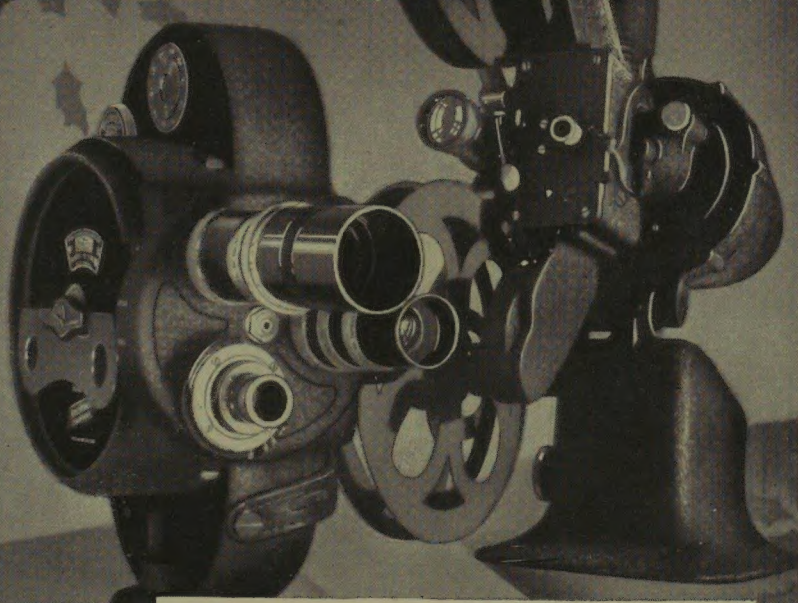
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CHRISTMAS KINDNESS: PROVIDING FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

CHRISTMAS is a time when demands on one's purse are many and heavy, for relations and friends have a way of expecting some little—or large—token of remembrance at this period of peace and goodwill. And, indeed, we like to turn their expectations into reality, for—in spite of fearful and ribald jokes on the matter—it really is “more blessed to give than to receive.” There is a warm and pleasant glow which creeps deliciously into one's consciousness when we bestow our gifts upon our friends; and this glow is infinitely more pleasing if the gifts have found their way to those who are in real need. Think for a moment of those whose need is even greater than that of any of our friends—those who struggle through each year in poverty and sickness and have no hope of any joy even at Christmas time. This is the “Other Side” of Christmas, the side for which your aid is asked.



CHEERY LITTLE CHILDREN WHO ARE REPRESENTATIVE OF MANY THOUSANDS NOW BEING CARED FOR AND TRAINED IN DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

In the following list of charities there must be some appeal which touches your heart, perhaps several, to which you will give as much as you can afford, and even the little more which is, after all, the real meaning of the word “Charity.” If you will do this, you will feel the unquenchable joy of having been a real Father Christmas to those in want and sorrow.

The first name on the list of Christmas Charities is Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Everybody has heard of these Homes, and what they do for destitute children.

There are to-day no fewer than 8500 boys, girls, and babies for whom this very important charity is providing, and every day 25,000 meals have to be prepared for them. It is the boast of the Homes that they never turn away deserving cases. Listen to the story of John and Katie, who came to the Homes last August. They lost their mother some years ago, and then little Katie, aged eight, had to mother her two smaller sisters and a baby brother. Their father, a steady man in the building trade, who had served through the war, did all he could, but in July he was taken ill, and died, leaving five little orphans behind him. The younger children were looked after by friends, and now John and Katie are eagerly looking forward to Christmas Day with the other motherless children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Each child is hoping for a Merry Christmas, and for the sum of ten shillings you can provide a whole fortnight's happiness for one little mite at the Christmas season. Any parcels of night and day wear, warm stockings and overcoats for boys and girls, and baby clothes for the infants, will be most gratefully received.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.” Will you think of this? Letters and parcels should be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

From the Children's Homes, let us now pass into Holloway Road, and the Royal Northern Hospital. Here is a hospital built to serve the urgent needs of a million people, men, women, and children—living within a radius of seventy square miles. Within so large an area it would not be unreasonable to expect the support of large numbers of people of substantial means who could assist in the maintenance of this, their own hospital. But people of substantial means do not live in this rather unattractive part of North London. They live where life is more pleasant, more restful, and where they can expect to escape from sad, and often unwholesome, experiences. So the Royal Northern is supported in the main by the willing, but necessarily tiny, contributions of these million poor people to whom the hospital is one of the abiding realities in a somewhat precarious existence. They do not fully realise that there is a constant danger of wards being closed for the lack of funds, and the Royal Northern asks now for your assistance in preventing this danger from becoming a stern reality. Immediate donations are an urgent need. If men and women of kindly heart and heavy purse can for one moment visualise the immensity of the gratitude of a million poor people for the preservation of their hospital, then the contributions and endowments will indeed be heavy this Christmas. Please send what you can spare, and a little more, to The Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

And now comes a special appeal to all those who love the sea and the unending magic of their island story, and would like to show some tangible appreciation of their affection. There can live hardly a man, woman, or child, at home or abroad, who has not at some moment experienced an intense excitement, and pride most personal, in the exploits of the great seamen of the past—Benbow, Collingwood, Blake and Nelson, and in the gallant Navy which has guarded our Island shores through every age.

Your own son, still in knickerbockers and blue jersey, may indeed be an Admiral Nelson in embryo, and the little son of the poorest man in the country may have in him the makings of a fine sailor. If you should appreciate this possibility, then you will also appreciate the aims of the Shaftesbury Homes, the great Society which trains poor boys for the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine. The famous old *Arethusa* Training Ship trained 12,650 boys for the sea services before she was finally condemned as worn out and unfit for further service.

The fine new *Arethusa* hopes to train thousands more boys to become good sailors, and for this object asks your help in obtaining the £10,000 necessary to pay for balance of cost of fitting out the new ship. Remember your island shores and the proud admirals of history, and you will not forget the little sailors of the *Arethusa*. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at the Society's headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

From the youthful, happy atmosphere of a fine ship we go to a place where youth and happiness are rarely present, a place of constant suffering, which needs your kindly interest and benefaction in order to bring a little relief and joy into days of pain and misery. Cancer—most dread of all diseases—is still a widespread menace in the world, but owing to the fine work of the Cancer Hospital in London, much is being done to alleviate suffering and prevent the spread of the disease. All through the day and night, research and experimental work are carried out by men of brilliant brains, using the finest and most delicate instruments, and this work must continue if humanity is to be relieved from the fears and horrors of cancer. Against the maintenance of this fine hospital and its costly X-ray and radiological departments, there is a bank overdraft of £40,000, which must be turned into a credit balance as soon as possible. Will you help? Particularly will you help now at this season, and direct a little of your Christmas good cheer to the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road? Be sure it will be most gratefully and joyfully received.

And now, since this is Christmas, and Christmas is essentially the children's festival, let us go back again to them, and in particular to those children whose hopes of good cheer are rather less than ours. During the past half-century, 36,000 homeless and friendless little ones have been rescued, cared for, trained, and put on the road to a happy life by the Waifs and Strays Society. At this very moment there are under the Society's care, 4700 children who are counting the days to Christmas. Many of them are crippled and suffering still, but to each and every one the Society holds out the hope of a healthy, happy future.

Do you remember, in long-ago days, the almost unbearable excitement which clutched at your throat when you awoke in the grey dawn of a Christmas morning, and saw, hanging at the end of your bed, the bulging, tantalising outline of that eagerly-awaited stocking? And if this memory should still be dear to you, will you remember now the 4700 little Waifs and Strays' stockings waiting to be filled? Picture on Christmas morning the laughter and excitement in 9400 round eyes,



THESE CHILDREN ARE TOO YOUNG TO HELP THEMSELVES, BUT THEY, IN COMMON WITH NEARLY FIVE THOUSAND OTHERS, ARE BEING LOOKED AFTER AND SET ON THE ROAD TO A HAPPY LIFE BY THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY.

when the grey dawn creeps in, as it did so many years ago, to show the bulging, tantalising shapes at the bottom of hundreds of little beds.

These children are too young to help themselves, but the fulfilment of the expectation in 4700 little hearts rests in the generosity of your hearts. Please be as generous as you are able, and send your donations and contributions to the Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

The Christmas season is always a time of family reunion, and the poor unsuspecting turkey and plum-pudding are often the means of bringing together brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins, who



Mr. J. B. Priestley writes:

"In response to your Urgent Appeal for funds, I enclose a cheque for £25. I am certain that when people realise

that The Cancer Hospital is in such desperate need of money, to carry on its great work both as a FREE Hospital and as a centre of Research into the origins of this terrible disease, they will instantly come to your support, and your £40,000 overdraft will vanish like magic. We cannot afford to let you work in the shadow of this enormous financial deficit. Your hospital, day and night, by every possible means, is fighting Cancer, and it is unthinkable that we should not come to your assistance and GIVE SOMETHING AT ONCE."

The Cancer Hospital (FREE)

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SEND A
CHRISTMAS
GIFT
TO OUR
4,600
LITTLE
CHILDREN

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

THE SECRETARY (E 2), KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

rarely meet at other times. But in castle and hotel, mansion and cottage, at home and abroad, the Christmas dinner is always an occasion of great importance, to be celebrated in as sumptuous a manner as possible, and to be enjoyed to the last crumb. To the poor, the Christmas dinner is of even greater importance than it is to the rich, even though it be only a hunk of salt pork and a handful of raisins.

If you are expecting to participate in a real old-fashioned feast with your family and your friends, will you, of your charity, help at least one other human being to enjoy something of the pleasure for which you hope? It is quite simple for you to pass on something of this happiness, and your own turkey will taste more succulent in consequence.

The Christmas plans of The Church Army are almost complete, and wholesome dinners, numerous parties, and special treats for the children and grown-ups alike, have already been organised for the Christmas season. It only remains for the hampers to be filled. Ten families can be provided with Christmas food for the sum of five pounds; each ten-shilling parcel contains sufficient to last a family of five or six over the Christmas festival. Many of us eat too much at times. If we all forgo even one meal during Christmas week, and send the money we have saved to the Church Army, there will be hampers enough to feed every hungry family and every child that cries. Please send these gifts to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

To those of us who sit at home in the comparative comfort and security of an ordinary, everyday life, the names of men like Columbus, Scott, Nansen, bring to our minds miraculous visions of adventure, colour, romance. With all our hearts we admire these men, and with a little of our hearts we envy them, for we, too, would like to explore, to discover new lands, strange people. Not every day can we watch a man set forth upon the sea, on a great voyage of discovery, but every day and all day there are other voyages of discovery which are just as exciting, and at which we can even assist if we so wish.

Every day and all day the men of science set out upon their search for a cure for cancer. The discovery of this cure would be rewarded by the eternal gratitude and admiration not only of this country, but of the whole world. For years the men of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund have worked unceasingly to alleviate suffering, and must go on working until the cure is found, for in research work alone lies the one hope of checking this malevolent evil. The Fund has two laboratories, one at Queen Square, and one at Mill Hill, both of which have a staff of highly skilled investigators who devote all their knowledge, experience, and energy unceasingly to this task.

The Honorary Treasurers desire to thank all old subscribers for their continued assistance. Although the present state of the finances of the

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

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President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
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Director—DR. J. A. MURRAY, F.R.S.

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly in the cause of suffering humanity. The number of recorded deaths from cancer has shown a regular increase for the past 80 years, and in research work alone lies the one hope of checking its malevolent power. Radium treatment has been proved effective in some incipient cases and in cases near the surface of the body, but cancer when deep rooted still presents a serious problem, and money is needed to equip the Fund with every scientific weapon available.

Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or may be paid to the Westminster Bank, Limited, Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.



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Christmas Problem

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£5 will provide Parcels of good fare for ten families

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This is but one phase of the many-sided work for the distressed and homeless for which help is needed.

Fund has allowed of an increase in the scientific staff, the Treasurers wish to point out that the requirements of the work are as great as they have ever been, and earnestly request your help to carry on this great task for the human race. If you will help, please send your donations and subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, Imperial Cancer Research Fund, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1; or to the Westminster Bank, Ltd., Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W., a/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

And now to those who ever have suffered through the cruelty of others, or have felt the horror which comes by knowledge of tortures



THE NEW "ARETHUSA," wherein thousands of poor boys will be trained by Shaftesbury Homes for the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

inflicted mentally and physically upon those we love—to these we offer an appeal from the N.S.P.C.C., the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It is a regrettable fact that in these so-called enlightened days, the existence of such a Society should be necessary. But no fewer than four million children have had good reason to be grateful for the efforts of the Society and its interference on their behalf. Most of the good work is done by persuasion rather than by prosecution, and only when all other courses fail is legal action taken, and the aid of the law invoked. If you also would like to help these little children who would have suffered untold agonies at the hands of vicious or neglectful parents and guardians, will you send a donation or some other gift for them this Christmas season?

They have suffered cruelty, not understanding it, but they will always understand kindness, and when this comes to them, their laughter is as spontaneous and happy as the laughter of the children who have always lived in an atmosphere of care and loving-kindness. Gifts for this nation-wide work will be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. To confer happiness is always worth while—to confer it on those who have not previously experienced it is surely even better worth while.

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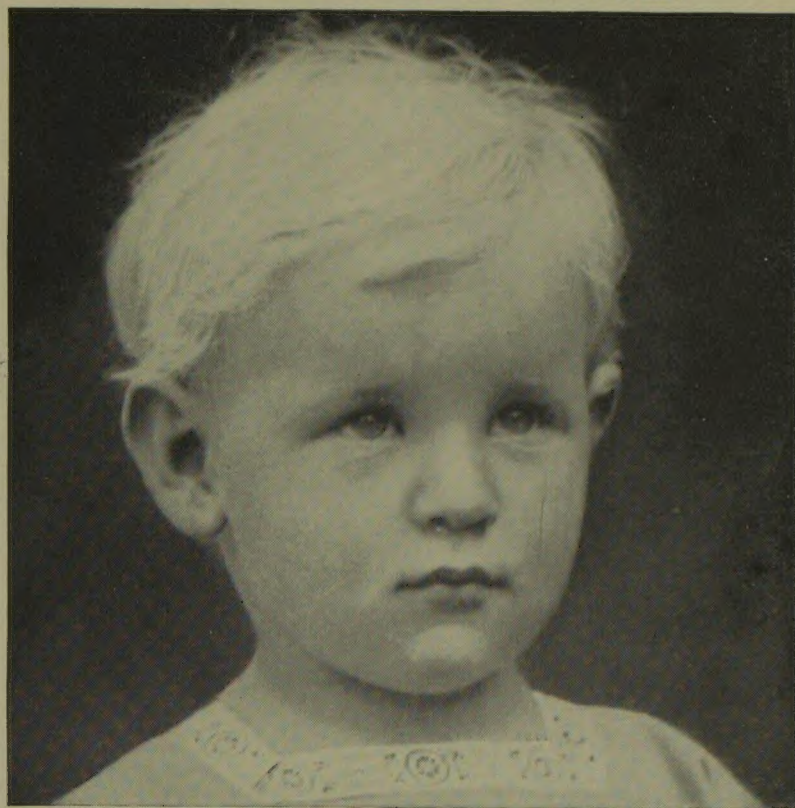
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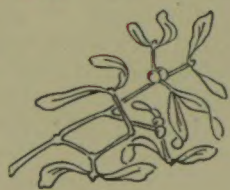
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1933



A CHRISTMAS MORNING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The story "Bitter Variance," begun on the following page, recounts four episodes in the age-long feud between Brews and Bonvilles. This picture shows the rescue of the Brews' infant heir by a nurse, after their castle had been burnt, on Christmas Eve, 1471. The nurse has been stopped by a Bonville man-at-arms. "He said,

'Hoy! What's here?' and tore her cloak from her, but the parcel she had under it was a mortal male child, no rich loot. As the unwitting bells began to ring, telling that it was Christmas morning, she answered, her whole face shining with doltish satisfaction, 'Tis mine! Mine!' so he let her go."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GORDON NICOLL.



"The nurse fetched the only printed book in the house, which was the Word of God. . . . She laid her palm on the Book as Dame Alice commanded."

"BITTER VARIANCE."

By CAROLA OMAN,
Author of "The Best of His Family," "Major Grant,"
and "Crouchback."

Illustrations by GORDON NICOLL.

In 1471, the Yule Log burns with friendly warmth in castle and in cottage. But no goodwill has kindled the glow that lights the wintry sky over the East Anglian fields. Maybe it means the end of the bitter variance 'twixt Brew and Bonville; for the Foxy son of a Norman Thief has fired the Brews' hearth, and the Widow and her brood have surely perished. In 1671 the Earl of Yarmouth, descendant of the Brews, knows his kin as Maulby. His instinctive dislike of the Dark Bonville fires to hatred. He almost bests the Fox at Ombre; but there's many a hazard on the home-

ward way. In 1744 Bonville waits to see whether the King at home or the King over the Water will best repay loyalty. 'Tis handy that when his daughter falls in love with a beggarly flaxen-haired lout, a word to the Hanoverian King's men will both rid him of the suitor and prove the Fox a trusty servant of King George. In 1933, Time's strangest vengeance is played out. The Bonville Fox's last cub lives despoiled of her forbears' wealth, and the Flaxen, Ox-eyed Foe rides on the crest of the wave. Yet, Bitter Variance may turn to wooing in a world of Modern Values.



STRANGE fellow brought the warning to a woman who was milking kine, about sunset on an evening ten days before Christmas. He must have been hanging about, watching from afar until all the cattle should be driven home, and then slipped into the cow-house unnoticed. Every maid was eager to get her task done before the light of the short winter's afternoon failed. He gripped one of them by the shoulder as she sat on her stool alone in a byre, and she cried out, but there was enough noise of pails a-filling to drown her cry.

"Sneck up!" said he, shaking her shoulder, "or I, who am your well-wisher, must be gone." The pudgy girl looked up, but she could not see his face, because his russet hood was pulled low, and he stood with his back to the golden square of the open door. He bent and whispered into her ear: "Go! Get you to the priest of Tuddenham; go fast, and give him warning that my Lord Bonville means to come against your mistress. He has sworn with great language that he will feast in the old

I. CHRISTMAS, 1471

widow's halls this Yuletide and hang up as many of her men as may oppose him. If this thing should come to pass it would be a horrible wrong and hurt to all souls of this manor. I may not stay. The Trinity aid you! These times are sharp weather for honest folk, as they say."

Honest folk might well say that, for England had been scourged by civil war for nigh sixteen seasons. With the passing of this old year, at last there seemed to be a prospect of peace under a strong Yorkist king, for the two hopes of the House of Lancaster had met their deaths within a few weeks of one another seven months ago; the great Neville, whom men called the King-Maker, falling in honest fight near Hadley Wood on Easter morning, and the Red Rosebud, the stripling Prince of Wales, in the water-meadows of Tewkesbury, either in the heat of battle, or, as more reported, by cold-blooded butchery after he had been taken prisoner.

The Brews of Tuddenham had been Lancastrians, probably as much from environment as conviction. They had watched each party in power complacently tolerating a disorder it dared not check. Like



BONVILLE.



BREWS.

Note.—All the characters in the fiction in this Number are imaginary.

most of the lesser gentry, they had no strong feeling either for Red Rose or White; they fought where their overlord commanded. Sir Edmund Brews had fallen fighting under his master's banner, and when the parish priest of Tuddenham arrived to give his warning to Dame Alice Brews, he found that ancient lady at work dictating a letter to her cousin, my Lady Morley, to enquire how much rejoicing it was seemly to hold at Yuletide in a manor of which the master was lately slain. Herself, since she was broken-hearted at the loss of her favourite son, she would gladly have forbidden all revelry this Christmas; but she was a wise lady, and knew that Sathanas finds work for idle hands to do, and men-at-arms kept indoors by hard weather will fall to drinking and quarrelling.

Dame Alice Brews was none of your new-fangled madams. When she heard that the parish priest was asking for her, her frosty eye lit. She knew that he wanted her to promise his church her gold girdle, from which to hang a lamp over the high altar. Her chaplain also wanted that treasure, and it had amused her during the twenty seasons of her widowhood to play them off one against the other. She sat in her fine stone upper chamber hung with faded arras; her gown was wine-coloured velvet branched with a pattern of vines, and the crisp veil which swathed her throat and hung from her steeple headdress was no whiter than her heart-shaped face, in which her eyes shone like sapphires.

As the flushed and babbling man tumbled out his tale, spreading his palms and tripping over his long kirtle in alarm, she sank her chin into her palm, staring through him, and before he thought he had done she blew a blast on a silver whistle. She told the maid who came to take the priest to the buttery, and to ask Sir John to come to her. The light of pleasure had died out of her eye and been replaced by one that her people knew as well, the light of battle; but as she waited for her younger son she sighed more than once right heavily.

He was not one-and-twenty, and had not been present at either of the recent battles, so had been able to buy an expensive pardon from King Edward. He had wanted to stay on in London for Christmas with his fresh-made bride, who had been a penniless damsel of the Court (with ten more years in her dish than her bridegroom: *miaow! miaow!* said the old cats of my lady's chamber when they saw her), but his mother had

tow-coloured hair, plaited, knee-long, and thick as their braceleted arms.

The Bonvilles had been Norman thieves, if you like, the fruit of a Caen ostler, who had carried off a nun and did not know how to be rid of her and her lively imaginings of hell-fire. During the late struggle they had been Yorkists, because they held their lands under the Mowbrays, but the feud between them and the Brews had nothing to do with the Wars of the Roses; indeed it had seemed like dying out while both families were otherwise occupied. It had begun before man could remember, and was, in fact, simply the inevitable result of two anti-pathetic types being forced to live over-close to one another. If they had met not knowing names, it would have been the instinct of a Brews to knock a sly Bonville down, and of a Bonville to send his dagger home between a Brews' fat ribs.

Young Sir John, being civilised, would not acknowledge this. He came, and said exactly what his mother had expected. "Gracious, Madam, you read too much of bitter variance in old romances. Sweet Madam, be sage, we have made our peace under the new rule and have nothing to fear. In London I have met this Lord Bonville." He added, which was not true, that he had rather liked him. "He spoke fair words of coming to visit us. Will you suspect, when he comes, that his horse is made of wood and packed with a bellyful of mailed



"Lord Bonville entered freely, calling aloud for Sir John Brews. ... 'Your stables are ablaze, I fear,' says Lord Bonville, leaning on his sword."

men?" He laughed languidly, kissed his mother's hand, and went off to sit an hour in front of the fire in his own overheated bed-room, where his Court-bred bride lay couched under furs, sickly and peevish, because the child she would bear next year would not be heir to this castle. Sir Edmund, the elder brother, had left a posthumous son, an orphan now, since the mother had fallen an easy prey to the pestilence that had swept the eastern counties this autumn. Sir John meant no ill by his dead brother's child. Seated cheek to cheek in the firelight with the fair woman he loved beyond reason, he listened while she rehearsed in whispers how things should be. "You must hie you back to London as soon as you may, and make fresh demand to join the Duke of Clarence's household. The King will look kindlier on one of his brother's following. Then, when you show how the grandam is crazy with age, and likely to bring up a traitor's child to be a traitor, you shall swiftly get leave to place her in a holy convent, and the child, presently, to be page in some loyal house distant from his uncle's castle. This inheritance should be yours. Lord Bonville sees eye to eye with us."

He asked, startled, taking his cheek from hers, "Have you spoken our secret thought to him?" "Go to," said she, "you make me weary, so heavy of limb and wit are you! Shall we not enlist our stoutest neighbour on our side early? We shall have evil tongues and sour faces enough within our own walls, when first the King's decree is made known."

commanded him home, and, having no money of his own left, he had come with an ill grace.

He was a well-enough made male creature, like all the Brews, thick-headed, ox-eyed, with more of muscle than brain. He wore his heavy flaxen hair curled, as gentlemen must at the Court, shoes with toes as long as turnips, and a little short doublet with shoulders and hips padded out so as to make the waist appear small. The Yorkist king, who was a stout one in every sense, had invented this fashion. Like his new master, young Sir John was sanguine, pleasure-loving, and hungered to be thought elegant. In London he had learnt to spell his name Braose and hint that a de Braose had come with the Conqueror. If he had only known, the invader who had won his family's first lands in East Anglia had come long before the Normans. He had come across the North Sea in a ship with black sails, one of a horde of enormous fellows with horned helmets, sparkling azure eyes, and ropes of

Meanwhile, the grandam they had thought crazy with age had dictated a letter to her brother, bidding him come suddenly to spend Yule with her. She sent her chaplain with it and wrote little, remembering the old saw: "Send a wise man on thy business and tell him little." All this she did in the time it takes to say a Paternoster, and then blew on her whistle for her grandson's nurse. The woman who came was the widow of a goldsmith-apprentice, of Norwich town, Mautby by name, who had been cast in prison without cause by the Mowbrays and there died of pestilence. Her child had passed to Heaven at seven weeks, so she had been appointed by kindly Dame Alice to suckle the infant heir. And she was a good woman, this creature, blithe and comely, but obedient and questionless as a nurse should be. When she had made her obeisance Dame Alice said to her, "Fetch me the Book," and the nurse fetched the only printed book in the house, which was the Word of God in the Latin tongue, not one sentence of which she could understand; nevertheless she laid her palm on the Book as Dame Alice commanded, and spoke after her the following oath:

"When strange men come to the castle I will pick up the child from his cradle even if he be unswaddled, and run fast with him under my cloak to the priest's house; and if any soul ask me, 'Whose child is this?' I will say, 'Mine! Mine!' And I will continue to say so until my lady mistress herself comes in person to tell me to say otherwise."

Dame Alice's brother arrived at the castle a week later, a little antique knight of the French Wars who had seen the Maid Joan burn, and could keep you up half the night, complaining of her witchcraft and his stiff joints. Like his nephew, he thought nothing of the warning against the Bonvilles, but it delighted him to go around any outworn castle scolding sluggard rascals and fixing cross-bars to every door, and wickets for men to shoot out from at every quarter. By Christmas Eve, forgetting that the White Rose was in power, he boasted that King Edward himself could not take this castle, except by starvation. He was pleased, too, to see the infant heir, who had to be fetched back from the priest's house, because his nurse had run off there with the unswaddled babe under her cloak, directly the old knight arrived. Dame Alice said the nurse had done well, and forbore to scold her for her simplicity in not knowing friend from foe. . . .

The Bonvilles came at dusk on Christmas Eve with a hundred men at arms. They set on fire some hovels that leant against the gates of Tuddenham, and cried out and made a noise as if they had been sorry of the accident. The garrison flung open the gates and all ran out to see the fire, and forthwith Lord Bonville entered freely, calling aloud for Sir John Brews to come down and speak with him, because he had come at last to visit him as he had so long promised. The descendant of the

Norman thief was all that Dame Alice had remembered, olive-skinned, black-eyed, *point-de-vie*, with strange, dark reddish hair—a fox! a fox! cried her heart. "Brews," says he softly, "you must come with me to spend Yule under my roof, for the Duke of Clarence, my master, is arrived and asks for you. Did you not desire speech with this Duke? Did you not?"

Sir John, looking a coney, said that he did so desire, and called for his horse to be made ready, but only the old knight, his uncle, came in and said that all the horses of this castle were taken away.

"Your stables are ablaze, I fear," says Lord Bonville, leaning on his sword and looking out at his men finishing the murder of the garrison. The flames seemed likely to catch this hall, which he had scarcely intended, but God's will be done! The old knight spoke bravely: "My lord," said he, "your men have robbed my sister's house and taken up all her horse so that my nephew may not ride with you to the Duke, your master, but if you will lend me a steed I will ride with you. I am old and may not go upon my feet, but since there is a proverb in these parts: 'There never yet was Bonville a fool or a Brews afraid,' if my nephew must go with you, I too will go; only I must have a horse."

Lord Bonville, bowing, said "Certes, both of ye may come, but upon your feet," and so it had to be. They were led out of their own castle through the ranks of a hundred men, all the women of the place watching from the windows. And when they were a flight-shot or more down the road, an unseen archer from a wood nearby drew his bow to his ear, and Dame Alice saw her son turn round on his long-toed shoe as if he would run back to her, but was too tired to do so. He flung up his arms and fell on his face in the snow, which was presently stained by a vermeil rivulet. The little knight, her brother, who was never without his dagger, drew that, but nine men forthwith came out of the wood upon him with swords raised. She saw no more, for the fire which the enemy had lighted outside, helped by a favourable wind, had begun to set the floor beneath her feet alight, and smoke dimmed her vision.

The Bonvilles waited at a seemly distance until the walls of Tuddenham fell in. They then helped the bodies of the slain into the blazing ditch and went home lamenting that careless folk should drink so deep at Yuletide that a worthy castle and all its inhabitants might be burnt to the ground in a single night, no soul escaping to tell a tale. One man at arms nearly knocked over a woman down in the village a league away. He said, "Hoy! What's here!" and tore her cloak from her, but the parcel she had under it was a mortal male child, no rich loot. As the unwitting bells began to ring, telling that it was Christmas morning, she answered, her whole face shining with doltish satisfaction, "Tis mine! Mine! I am a poor creature, the widow of one Mautby, goldsmith apprentice of Norwich Town." So he let her go.



"Their coach was set upon in the blinding snow. . . . A dozen of the assailants were wearing the Duke's livery; only the thirteenth was attired in plain clothes and a mask."



THREE gentlemen in ringlet periwigs were playing cards in a little house off Covent Garden. The district was fashionable; noblemen's houses filled the piazzas on the north and east sides of the square. They had all been built less than forty years ago, and like the church of St. Paul, on the west, had been designed by Inigo Jones.

The little house in which the gentlemen sat at play was much older, and reached by a footpath through the churchyard. John Mautby, Earl of Yarmouth, was not at all sure that he would be able to find his own way back to the Strand after dark. He did not know London very well as yet, having inherited his brand-new title and come up from the country only six weeks ago. East Anglia was his birthplace, and he was of a type common in his native parts, large-framed, fair-complexioned, rather slow of wit. His periwig was of flaxen curls and he wore a suit of fine white cloth silver-laced, a *jabot* of Mechlin and long falling cuffs half hiding his somewhat massive hands.

Being a young gentleman with money to burn, as the saying is, he had been made very welcome at the Court. There was a rumour that his family had founded their fortunes by lending to England's King, and that the earliest Mautby of whom anything was known had been nothing more than a goldsmith of Norwich town. Certainly the first Tudor monarch had knighted this person, an honour that had cost the Crown nothing but given the Mautbys increased prestige. Still flourishing, they had fought and lost as Cavaliers during the Civil War, and at the Restoration had been rewarded by an Earldom. The present owner's father had chosen the title of Yarmouth, a town that had been his family's local metropolis for over two hundred years.

Nothing could have been handsomer than the chamber in which young Lord Yarmouth found himself this Christmas Eve. He was playing *Ombre*, a game for three persons which demanded close application,

II.

"THE LAST TRICK": CHRISTMAS, 1671.

but *Ombre* was not the game he had been brought here to play; they were merely filling in time until more company should arrive. While he lost steadily, but not heavily enough to arouse his interest, Lord Yarmouth studied, with slightly protuberant blue eyes, the appointments of Colonel Bonville's London house. The walls were panelled in oak with applied carvings in glossy cedar. The windows were hidden by curtains of strawberry-coloured satin edged with shaggy gold fringe, but the door was open, admitting fresh air, and showing a vista of a much larger apartment beyond, lit by a great number of wax candles set in heavy silver wall-sconces. Without moving from his seat, the guest could see, in this further chamber, servants arranging many chairs upholstered in olive-green velvet around a long walnut table.

Colonel Bonville, at whose house one could play *Bassette*, a game hardly known as yet in England, was evidently possessed of excellent taste. It was most unfortunate that young Lord Yarmouth should have taken a violent instinctive dislike for his host, for the Colonel, who had won his title in the French service, had just explained in the most ingratiating manner that his own family had, he believed, once been settled in East Anglia. If, as he thought possible, he decided not to return to Paris, he might find himself Lord Yarmouth's neighbour in this country. He was a spare, suave man of about two-and-forty, tall, with rather handsome aquiline features, whose expression in repose was not pleasant. Luckily he was seldom without animation. He wore a black periwig, a colour of hair which seemed unlikely to be natural to him, for Lord Yarmouth noticed that his host's eyebrows, originally sandy, had been artificially darkened. The man was probably red-haired, a vulgar shade. Like most people from the Court of Versailles, he exhaled a strong odour of perfume and wore a profusion of jewellery.

Sir John Coventry had lost thirty guineas at *Ombre* and the young peer rather less, a mere trifle to either, when the Colonel suggested that they should move in next door. A supper, fully as luxurious as the rest

of the appointments here, was ranged on buffet tables against the walls of the second chamber, and guests were beginning to arrive." The air was warm and sweet with the scent of pineapples, shell-fish, cold birds roasted in their feathers, and Florentine pastries. Servants in black and amber liveries began to hand round glasses of the sparkling white wine made in the province of Champagne. With some surprise Lord Yarmouth noticed among the new arrivals people of as high rank as the King's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, and of as good repute as Sir Bernard Gascoigne, a brave old cavalier, one of the Portuguese Queen's equerries. The unhappy little childless Queen lay despairingly abed again this Christmas and the King lacked one expensive taste, he never lost five pounds in an evening at cards. There would be little gambling at Court this week. Perhaps that explained the slight stir of excitement when Colonel Bonville suggested—"Gentlemen, shall we play a little *Bassette*?"

Like most of its kind, this new and fashionable game was a sort of lottery, demanding hardly any skill and very easily to be understood. Sir John Coventry, the Member of Parliament for Weymouth, took a seat next his friend, showed him how to stake upon any he chose of the thirteen cards dealt to him, how to turn down a corner after the *Taillier* or Banker had played his first card against the table, how to turn down a second corner and a third if he had already won and intended to let his money lie, holding on for further advantage. The odds in the game were decidedly in favour of the Bank, since the *Taillier* had, besides other prerogatives, the sole disposal of the first and last cards. In France this fact was so generally accepted that the King had ordered by public edict that nobody but "chief *cadets*," or sons of noblemen, should be allowed to be *Tailliers* at *Bassette*. On the other hand, the sums to be won by a bold player were so enormous—if he held on to a *soixante-et-le-va* he was due to be paid sixty-seven times as much as his stake—that the game had an irresistible attraction for the adventurous. It was not, of course, incumbent upon a player to multiply his stake, or even let it lie, when he had once won. Colonel Bonville, as he passed round to take his seat at the head of his table, kindly, and particularly, explained this to Lord Yarmouth. His young guest nodded gravely, and the game began with a thousand guineas poured into the Bank, out of what appeared to be a lady's green silk stocking.

Behind the *Taillier's* chair stood the *Croupier*, his assistant, a Mr. Walters, whom the Colonel had introduced as a relative. "His brother, on the wrong side of the blanket," murmured Sir John Coventry, "brother to the Duke that way, too, I have heard." Lord Yarmouth, glancing at his hand, selected a card and staked a solemn guinea upon it. Like everybody else here he was aware that the "brown, bold, beautiful creature" who had borne the Duke of Monmouth to blackavised King Charles had been a Mrs. Walters, from Pembrokeshire. So that connection explained the presence of the King's son here this evening.

At *Ombre* the young Earl had been inattentive and unlucky. He had never played *Bassette* before, but ere half an hour had passed he had won at this new game about seven hundred pounds. And he had never yet pressed on to the *sept-et-le-va*, the first great chance of the game. John Mautby, Lord Yarmouth, was playing cautiously, his ox-eyes fixed on his hand, his florid face a little more intent than a gentleman's should be at a friendly game of chance. Somebody who had been served too often with a long-stemmed glass of champagne remembered in a whisper that this new peer's ancestor had been a usurer. "Steady, Jack!" said the Member for Weymouth, who had brought the young man here at his own request, "you wouldn't put five hundred guineas on a horse at Newmarket!"

The usurer's descendant, for the first time, crooked the second corner of a card, indicating that he hoped to make the *sept-et-le-va*. He was beginning to play big, not for love of the sport or from anger at the taunt he had overheard, but from pure instinctive dislike of Colonel Bonville, whom he had never seen until this evening. "Knave wins, ten loses," said the Colonel mechanically, beckoning to Mr. Walters to empty a third of those green silk stockings into the Bank.

During the next hour several gentlemen retired from the table with empty pockets. Lord Yarmouth, pressing on to *quinze-et-le-va* lost two thousand guineas, and starting again with an original stake of a hundred guineas, crooked the fourth corner of his card, which, coming up, made him win three thousand three hundred. At one minute before midnight he took the highest chance that could happen in the game, and won the *soixante-et-le-va*, a thing that nobody present had ever witnessed before. As if his good fortune might be catching, several strangers insisted on shaking him by the hand as the bells of St. Paul's Church rang in Christmas Day; but if Lord Yarmouth had hoped to discompose Colonel Bonville he must have been disappointed. Colonel Bonville, in the politest voice, began to ask Sir John Coventry how was the bill for levying a tax on the

Playhouses going in Parliament, a question which instantly provoked Sir John (who, too, had drunk enough) to repeat, in the presence of the King's son, a *bon mot* which he had brought off with some effect in the House, sarcastically glancing at his Majesty's well-known weakness for actresses. The allusion to pretty witty Mrs. Nelly was obvious. The remark had never been loyal and in the present company might mean a duel on the spot. Small wonder that Colonel Bonville was anxious to get the indiscreet Member out of his elegant house. Sir John's coach was waiting? Excellent! And he would take his so-fortunate young friend home! Perfect! The Colonel sent a lackey with them to carry Lord



"Behind the *Taillier's* chair stood the *Croupier*, his assistant, a Mr. Walters, whom Colonel Bonville had introduced as a relative."

Yarmouth's winnings, six green silk stockings, neatly packed in a plain hide valise.

This was placed on the seat opposite to them, and hindered them very much by falling heavily upon their feet, when their coach was set upon in the blinding snow nearly half an hour later. The Duke of Monmouth had not taken the faintest precaution to disguise whose vengeance it was that had overtaken the free-spoken Member for Weymouth. A dozen of the assailants were wearing the Duke's livery, only the thirteenth was attired in plain clothes and a mask. They knew their man too, seized Sir John out of his vehicle, and flung him on the snowy ground. But for the presence of his stalwart East Anglian friend, Sir John would certainly have lost his life. As things were, Lord Yarmouth broke three fellows'

heads, and the Member for Weymouth escaped with his nose slit to the bone by a pen-knife.

"Lord, Sirs! Lord! What's amiss? Of what have you to complain?" cried the Watch, hurrying up too late to be of any service.

"Robbery with violence!" announced young Lord Yarmouth, holding a handkerchief to his wounded friend's face. "A cowhide valise has

been stolen from this gentleman's coach. Its contents? Odd's fish, there must have been little less than six thousand guineas in it, which is a capital Christmas gift for somebody. And," looking down the dark alley behind him from which came fainter and fainter slaps of running feet, "all I can tell you of the thief is that he had red hair cut short, used scent, and had a gibberish French accent!"



"General Bonville . . . moved over to take up a determined attitude in front of his own hearth. . . . The door opened and M. Desnoyers was softly announced. At his first sight of his visitor the General's annoyance deepened."

III.

"OVER THE WATER": CHRISTMAS, 1744.

THE view from General Bonville's library windows this late December afternoon was wild and rather dismal. Most of the low-lying parkland that sloped towards the swollen river was under water, and long stretches of the marshy country beyond were streaked with melting snow. As the General surveyed the scene a flight of rooks passed overhead across the wintry sky. It seemed probable that they had been disturbed by someone coming up the drive towards the front door on the other side of the house. The General walked over to the fireplace, and tugged urgently at a bell-rope. In his left hand he held a letter, at which he glanced in a preoccupied manner as he gave his orders:

"I am expecting a gentleman this evening; a foreign gentleman. When he arrives, bring in cakes and wine at once, and if anyone should enquire for me, I am engaged. The gentleman will not be staying to dine."

The gentleman was not going to be asked to dine, and, if General Bonville had been consulted, would never have been sent down to visit him in the country. In London, a furtive foreigner arriving with dusk may easily pass unnoticed. During the last few months the General had, in fact, entertained several such visitors. But in the country, as he knew to his cost, tongues are long, so are memories, and every strange face provokes comment. Having read it for the twentieth time, he tore into two the letter he now knew by heart, and prepared to drop the pieces into the blazing logs, but on some second thought carried them over to his desk, where he locked them up, using a key which he carried in his snuff-box. The General was always careful, but this evening the General was also uneasy.

Everyone had known for a quarter of a century that, next time England got seriously involved in war abroad, the Jacobites at home would rise, and King Louis of France would send them aid. In the spring of last year, King Louis—who in any case was going to war with England in Germany and the Low Countries—had wondered if the time was ripe for an invasion, and put a fleet to sea. A storm had dispersed that fleet, but Prince Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, had been with it. Certainly, England had never seemed so near getting a Jacobite King as she was this Christmas. General Bonville knew that on its military side the Hanoverian Government was both unprepared and incapable. On its civilian side, however, the old Earl of Stair's spies were artists beside whom the fervent gentlemen-agents of the Prince seemed schoolboys. If an invasion took place this spring it was difficult for the most astute to predict which party would win.

And General Bonville liked to be on the winning side. If other gentlemen had not been imprudent he would not be sitting where he was to-day. Bonville House, as his grandfather had renamed the last Earl of Yarmouth's country seat, was such a masterpiece that King George himself, under pretext of hunting, had twice visited it. John Mautby, second Earl of Yarmouth, had been an inveterate gambler, so that on his death his estates had been sold. As he had left no direct heir, and had been a Jacobite, King George had presently bestowed the vacant title on a German lady whom it pleased his Majesty to honour, an act which had caused General Bonville sharp disappointment.

There was a sound of voices in the hall, and the General moved over from his writing-table to take up a determined attitude in front of his own hearth. Above the fireplace and behind his head, a fine Lely portrait of the first Earl, a fair, rosy, inane-looking character, smiled protestingly. The General was a man of eight-and-fifty years, dark-skinned, rather handsome, having something of a hook-nosed foreign visage, dressed in a ruby-coloured frock-coat richly guarded with gold lace, and wearing a wig, finished with a large bag and courtly queue. In his village, where his military manners were held to be brusque, the rustics said that the General's grandfather had been a Jew, but his neighbour, Sir Augustus Clere, who could not afford to have the stables at Clere Castle rebuilt, said that the first Bonville to arrive in this landscape out of France had been a *chevalier d'industrie*, who had made Paris too hot for him; that is to say, in plain English, the owner of a successful high-class gambling hell.

Jew or sharper, the gentleman had housed his family nobly and planned its future with foresight. He was said to have spent close on forty thousand pounds enlarging and re-furnishing the Yarmouth mansion, and demolishing its ancient Yew Maze to make room for a Chinese pagoda. He had placed one of his sons in the Army, another in the Church. The present owner had followed his father's profession from an early age. His trouble at present was that Lord Granville, the only Minister in whom he put any faith, had recently been pushed out of office. The General doubted of either social or military advancement while the Duke of Newcastle and his friends were in power.

He was already in the irritated condition which comes of being unable to make up the mind before an important interview, when the door opened and M. Desnoyers was softly announced. At his first sight of his visitor the General's annoyance deepened. What a person to send upon an errand of secrecy! This Jacobite agent was over six feet high, and was wearing his own hair, which was of a noticeable flaxen shade. He was attired in a shabby bottle-green suit, with plain black small-clothes, his complexion was high, his blue eyes popping with nervousness, and his whole air perfectly ingenuous. The General guessed him to be about one-and-twenty. There was something particularly annoying to him in the young man's opening speech:

"General Bonville? I can't express, Sir, how much I appreciate your kindness in consenting to see me."

So the Jacobite agent had met rebuffs elsewhere. Two servants were bringing in glasses and wine. The General said lightly: "Do you come from London, M. Desnoyers?"

"Oh, no!" replied the young man, blushing. "I have only tried Manchester and Oxford yet." Both the towns he mentioned were supposed to be Jacobite strongholds. "My friends," he added, "advised me to gain some experience before I attempted London. I go on there now." The General bowed grimly. "You will find your excellent English an advantage." "My mother was English," said the young man. "In fact," looking around the handsome library, where rows upon rows of gold-tooled calf bindings glowed in ruddy firelight, and the portrait of a large, fair gentleman smiled inanely, "her family came from these parts. Their name was Mautby."

"Indeed!" said the General, starting. "I understood that that family had—hem—ceased to exist." "Oh, no," repeated the young man humbly, "only grown very poor."

The servants had left the room. "M. Desnoyers," said the General, "will you join me in a glass of wine?" He spoke the password

[Continued on page 13.]



After the Picture, "The Lace Maker" by the Master.



The Old Roads of Britain: Legionaries and Pilgrims,

PICTURES SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR
BY JONEL EDWARDS. POEMS

Through English
peace they thrust
The warlike roads
of Rome,

Where Legions,
blanched with dust
And browned by
wind and foam,

Marched with a
thudding swing
Or paused to rest
and sing.

(Men change to ghosts,
but the old roads
endure.)

A WAYSIDE HALT DURING A ROMAN LEGION'S MARCH ON THE LONG STRAIGHT ROMAN ROAD
NEAR OLD SARUM.

Famous are these Roman roads, so durable that to this day many of the most famous roads in Britain are in part at least superstructures on the original Roman-built thoroughfares. Ermine Street, leading from London to Lincoln, thence to York, and onwards into Scotland, is one; Watling Street is another, crossing England to the north-west; and among many others is the road from Winchester to Old Sarum, depicted by the artist, where a legion is shown on the march. The Roman roads, built primarily as military roads, and constructed over hill and dale, scarcely ever deviate from a straight line, and where they have fallen into disuse can still be traced through green lanes and fields.

From furrowed
uplands brown,
When moon shone
grey as glass,
The labouring serfs
looked down
And saw the
pilgrims pass,
Bound for a shrine
of gold,
And telling tales
oft-told.
(Shrines fall to dust,
but the old roads
endure.)



A CAVALCADE ON THE PILGRIM'S WAY FROM WINCHESTER, "BOUND FOR A SHRINE OF GOLD"
AT CANTERBURY.

The Pilgrim's Way! What memories it conjures up of the olden days, when the early Christians in their thousands set out to pray at the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral! The cyclic may reflect that perhaps some were influenced by the wish to be able to pay homage to a priest who dared stand up to what they thought that dared not say? was a tyrannical Norman King. The Pilgrim's Way from London passed through Rochester and is yet in part use. So great also was the concourse of penitents from the Continent who travelled to Canterbury by way of Winchester that the old Harroway—originally a horse-track—was also renamed the Pilgrim's Way.

Charles II. as "Groom"; and a Shunned Highway.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
BY JUDITH MARGARET STUART.

When Worcester's
crowning day
Much Puritans
look big,

Upst the Wilton
way
A lady ran a rig,

And to her service
bound
A dark-haired
King disowned.

(Kings turn to clay,
but the old roads
endure.)

CHARLES II. RIDING TOWARDS WILTON IN DISGUISE AFTER WORCESTER FIGHT, PASSES ROUND-
HEADS ON THE ICKNIELD ROAD.

This road, the Via Iceniana of the Romans, started from the coast of Norfolk, passed near Cambridge, to Old Sarum, Wilton, on to Exeter and to Cornwall. One of its many romances concerns Charles II., who owed his life to two brave and lovely women, Jane Lane and Juliana Coningsby, with whom, after his disastrous flight after the Battle of Worcester, he fled, disguised as a servant. They rode pillion behind him on a horse, and twice he succeeded in passing by Cromwellian troops who were searching the countryside for him. The picture shows Charles approaching the Parliamentary Forces with Miss Lane on the Icknield Road, near Wilton.



Grim as their own
grim glen,
Wild as their
storm-racked sky,
The hostile High-
landmen
Cursed while
Wade's men swung
by;
Men in far lowlands
bred,
Dull, disciplined,
well fol.
(The old hates die, but
the old roads endure.)

REDCOATS, ON THE MARCH ALONG WADE'S ROAD IN THE HIGHLANDS, CURSED BY A HIGHLANDER

AS THEY PASS BY.
In the turmoils and feuds engendered by the Stuart Pretenders, no life and property were safe in the Highlands, but General Wade transformed the country with his new roads, which enabled law and order to penetrate into the hitherto inaccessible fastnesses of the Highland chiefs. Wade's Road still runs from Fort Augustus, along Loch Ness to Inverness. The savage Highland chiefs saw cavalry and footsoldiers marching along Wade's Road. They heard the roll of defiant drums. No Highlander would use the cursed road, though they followed the line, and even crossed through the icy burns rather than over Wade's bridges. Here is seen a solitary Highlander silently cursing General Wade's army.

The Old Roads of Britain: Memories of Brighton and Bath.

PICTURES SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
BY LIONEL EDWARDS.
POEMS BY DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Though Prinney's
course be one
Which gives his
parents woe,
To Prinney's Bright-
helmstone
It is good sport to
go ;
Bruisers and bucks
are there,
And painted
wantons fair.
(Fair wantons fade,
but the old roads
endure.)



REGENCY BUCKS, IN THEIR DASHING CURRICLE, PAY A PASSING TRIBUTE TO RUSTIC BEAUTY ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON.

This is, perhaps, the most favoured proletarian road from London, and yet a hundred and fifty years ago it was the aristocratic highway, when Brighton, originally called Brighthelmstone, was all the rage among the Regency bucks. For did not George IV. build his famous Pavilion there, that rococo edifice where, 'tis said, terrible orgies were held? For the bucks' accommodation, Raggett, of White's, opened a club on the Steyne—before the days of licensing laws, when a gentleman was expected to drink his two bottles of port a day. They trundled down from Pall Mall in coach, barouche, chaise, phaeton, or curricule, the equipage seen in the engraving, the most modish style of travel of the period.



Yet wiser far I deem
Are those who
wend their way
Westward, where dim
hills dream
Round hamlets
rose and grey,
Where Avon, Severn,
and sea
Make a blue
trinity.
(Beauty endures; as
the old roads endure.)

THE BATH ROAD IN COACHING DAYS: THE OLD CASTLE INN AT MARLBOROUGH, WHERE NOW STANDS THE FAMOUS SCHOOL.

From Roman times, without invidious comparison, the Bath Road has been, through the centuries since the Roman occupation, and long before, if we accept the old historians like Geoffrey of Monmouth, the most famous thoroughfare in our island history. Along the road were many famous hostleries, where coaches and posts obtained a change of horses, the most noteworthy, perhaps, being the old Castle Inn at Marlborough, on the site of the present-day Marlborough College. As shown in the drawing, the inn was situated on one side of the road, and the post-boys' tap and horses' stables on the other, these inns always being centres of great bustle and liveliness.

Once Upon a Time Land : Fairy Tales for Christmas.

**The Boy Who Could Not Shudder.**

There was a boy who sought to shudder: he knew not what it meant! The sexton offered to teach him, and away he went with him, to toll the church bell. Then, one midnight, the boy, sent to his ringing, saw a white figure in the belfry. It was the sexton, disguised, trying to fulfil his promise. But the boy did not shudder, although he did not recognise the apparition: he threw the "ghost" downstairs, and went to bed. Many another adventure was useless: then a fair princess taught him!

~ ~ ~

Snow-Drop; Lovelier than the Queen.

The Queen's magic mirror had always told her: "You are the fairest in all the land." Then, questioned one day as usual, it forgot courtiership and replied: "Snow-drop, your step-daughter, is lovelier than thou." So the jealous, vain, and cruel Queen banished the Princess to the forest, hoping that she would be killed. It came about, however, that she wandered to the cottage of seven dwarfs. And there she stayed, keeping house for them. That was the beginning of her adventures.



Once Upon a Time Land: Fairy Tales for Christmas.



Strong Hans.

Hans was so strong that when he was ten he wielded a club well enough to enable his mother and himself to escape from a robber band. Before he was twelve, his club weighed a hundredweight; and he adventured with Fir-twister and Rock-splitter, first his friends and afterwards his foes. Then came the affair of the wicked dwarf. He was the guardian of a King's beautiful daughter, who was bound in chains. Hans rescued her from her enemies—and married her; and all rejoiced exceedingly.



The Kiss of Undine.

Undine, a water-sylph, was changed into the daughter of a fisherman who dwelt near an enchanted forest. The knight Sir Huldbrand fell in love with her and married her; so she gained a soul—and sorrow. Only too soon her husband neglected her for Bertalda, the fisherman's true daughter; and she was spirited away by her sister-sylphs. When Huldbrand was about to wed his new love, Undine rose from the water and went to his room. There she kissed him; and then he died.



"BITTER VARIANCE."—(Continued from page 6.)

contained in that letter so carefully locked away. "Well, Sir, here 's to all gentlemen of the Walnut Tree Walk"—a district of Hyde Park haunted by Jacobites. There was a moment's pause before a gleam of illumination lit up the young man's solid features. Then he raised his glass, passed it carefully over the water-bottle, and gave answer in ringing accents: "To the King, Sir!"

"The King," muttered General Bonville, and drained his glass. "Now let us sit and talk business." "Oh, Lord!" ejaculated the young man, "What a relief to find you, Sir, heart and soul for the Cause."

"All your remarks to-day," said the General, frowning heavily, "lead me to suppose that you have not met with such a reception as your sanguine friends abroad predicted. Your comments on feeling in Manchester and Oxford perfectly confirm my own belief, which is, that an attempt on these coasts this spring would be a disaster. My opinion of the gentry of this neighbourhood is that they will wait—in the vulgar phrase—to see which way the cat jumps; only those with empty pockets and all to gain will come out into the open on news of a landing."

The rooks were rising again in the park. The General was eager to be done with this interview, particularly anxious not to be caught in such company.

"Well, Sir," said he, "you have heard my view of the situation. The letter which I got yesterday gave me to understand that you would have some news for me." And he glanced at the timepiece.

The young man, who had been looking over his shoulder, evidently recognised a cue. Lifting his head from his hands he began: "Lady Primrose wrote to you then! My suit, however unwelcome, is not unknown to you. If your gloomy political prophecy is fulfilled I realise that it may be years ere I can claim a bride. But what if the Prince should land in Scotland, Sir, even alone, as he now despairingly threatens?"

"Lady Primrose!" echoed the General wildly. The name was that of a high-born, impecunious chaperon of Jacobite tendencies, under whose roof his only daughter, a lively brunette of sixteen, had been sent to live during her parent's absence on service.

"She felt some natural responsibility, I believe," said the young man, "since she was the instrument designed by Providence to introduce me to the society of your divine daughter! Lady Primrose engaged me to give Miss Bonville lessons on the harp and in the latest dancing-steps. That the master became a pupil in another and more fascinating science you know too well. General Bonville!" springing up, "I adore your daughter."

There was certainly the noise of a second arrival in the hall. The General rose also, saying in strong, sarcastic accents, "And I am to understand, then, that you propose to support her wholly by giving dancing and harping lessons?"

"Oh, no, Sir," corrected the young man quietly, "when I get gentlemen pupils, I instruct them in fencing and wrestling."

A servant had entered the room. The catastrophe the bewildered General had already suspected had indeed taken place. There was a second foreign gentleman waiting in the hall—the right bird at last! And he had hopelessly exposed himself to an impossible person, for whom, even before he had divulged his impossible errand, the General had felt a violent instinctive dislike. Standing with his back to his visitor and staring out at the cold, unhelpful scene outside, he pondered a long moment in troubled silence. Then, his fingers finding his snuff-box, he seemed to come to himself. He gave some instructions ending rather louder than they began: "I hope not to keep him five minutes," and the servant withdrew. At once M. Desnoyers burst forth again.

He supposed, abjectly, that he might not be allowed to see Miss Bonville to-night. When the General brought Miss Bonville to London, then, he trusted that he was not to be forbidden their house. Since he now knew the General to be for the Cause, he believed that he would be committing no indiscretion if he revealed that, when King James enjoyed his own again, M. Desnoyers' family would not be forgotten. There had, in confidence, already been a promise of reviving in their favour that title which the present usurper had bestowed so unbecomingly elsewhere. As far as rank and family went, then. . . .

But he was not allowed to go as far as that. The General, interrupting blandly, professed himself so much taken aback by the suddenness of this request, that, unlike King James, he was not prepared to make any promise thus early. He was flatteringly interested to hear of the Prince's intention to land in Scotland. He would like to know M. Desnoyers' address in London.

He got that easily, and also the name of a mug-house on Ludgate Hill where Jacobites were congregating this season. The gentlemen drank "The King over the water" once more before the ardent suitor departed, and then General Bonville re-seated himself at his writing table.

Taking up a pen he indited a very few lines addressed to the Earl of Stair. His lips twisted with amusement as he unlocked a certain drawer and carefully enclosed, with his own, a letter that had caused him much thought earlier in the evening. After reading both through, he added a postscript:

"Your Lordship will pardon that the Christmas Message from the Young Pretender was torn in two by me in a Loyal Outburst of Fury. I hope, however, that I did not alarm M. Desnoyers so much that your Lordship's men may not find him at the address I got, together with a whole nest of singing birds, none of whom will be the worse of a taste of His Majesty's hospitality this New Year."

General Bonville rang the bell and gave instructions for a horse to be saddled and a man set on the road to London instantly with an important packet for Lord Stair's house; then, remembering the second foreigner still waiting, issued orders for his admittance. But he looked perfectly comfortable as he awaited his second visitor. For he had made up his mind now which way the cat must jump.



Twentieth-century representatives of two families at feud through the ages.

IV.

"THE ONLY POSSIBLE THING": CHRISTMAS, 1933.

THE procession had reached the Great Bedchamber where westering sunlight, slanting through dusty windows, lit hangings of amber Italian brocade and gilt walnut furniture.

"This is the King's Room," said Miss Bonville, in clear unemotional tones, "so called because it was occupied by King Charles II, when he came to visit the first Earl of Yarmouth here. Lord Yarmouth had this room redecorated and refurnished in honour of his royal guest, and nothing has been altered since. That table is made of silver. So are the candle-brackets on the walls."

Miss Charlotte Bonville was doing what she had done every day since last April from two p.m. to seven p.m. She was showing anyone who cared to pay a shilling over Bonville House, the home of her ancestors.

It was past six o'clock on a late September evening, and the company to which she was acting as guide was small. It consisted of a bearded clergyman, two schoolgirls in charge of a governess, a village mother carrying a baby, accompanied by her husband in his Sunday blacks, and a pair of elderly ladies in identical faded fluttering summer dresses and Raffia hats. On the outskirts of the group hovered a couple who had arrived on a tandem bicycle, the male very hot in a thick tweed suit with an enamel badge in his button-hole, his female companion looking slightly blue and pinched in khaki shorts.

There was the pause of a moment while Miss Bonville marched across to stand in front of a portrait over the fireplace, and into the silence literally tumbled a large young man wearing tinted spectacles and carrying a camera and tripod. He tripped over the threshold in the fading light, and enquired of the world at large in breathless apology—"Am I too late to join this party? Can one see over this wonderful Old Place?"

"This is Bonville House," replied Miss Bonville mechanically, "open from two to seven every day, Bank Holidays included. The charge is a shilling a head, but this party has nearly finished its tour and I shall be closing in ten minutes."

"Never mind," panted the young man, "I'll join up and see as much as I can."

"One shilling please, then," said Miss Bonville, and producing out of a leather bag hanging from her waist a book of green tickets printed on the most inferior possible paper, she solemnly tore off one and gave it to him in exchange for his coin, which she dropped into another compartment of her business-like bag.

She then began again: "This is Charles II's Bedroom."

"I beg your pardon," piped one of the Raffia-hatted ladies, standing on tip-toe, "but would that be the King known to history as 'the Merry Monarch'?"

"Yes," agreed Miss Bonville, repeating the hackneyed *sobriquet*, "he came to visit the first Earl of Yarmouth here, and afterwards gave one of his illegitimate daughters in marriage to the Second Earl. That

is her portrait above my head here. Her name was the same as mine, Charlotte Jemima, after her father and her uncle, Charles and James, both Kings of England."

"There is an interesting fact about this portrait," continued Miss Bonville, in a voice that should have warned the inattentive they were missing something. "You will notice that the lady is wearing a brooch of a peculiar design—a heart-shaped ruby surrounded by pearls. I am wearing the same brooch to-day." And she pointed to her own far less opulent bosom.

The young man in tinted glasses was the only person to make a suitable remark. Nodding his thick flaxen head at her, he ejaculated, "There, now!" sounding so awed that any owner of a historical relic should have been satisfied. Miss Bonville, however, knitting her black brows, only subjected him to a penetrating stare.

She was a dark-haired, fine-featured young woman with what is called a typically modern figure; that is to say, so slight that she appeared much taller than she really was. Her pallor and distinct air of under-nourishment suited her. If her expression had been less forbidding she might have passed for something of a beauty. As things were, she was merely, as one of the Raffia hats whispered to the other, "distinguished-looking."

Before the arrival of the clumsy young man she had been going through her part without pretending to be anything but dead tired, but now there was colour in her cheeks and an edge to her voice.

"That finishes the bedrooms," she announced. "We will now return to the hall by the Grand Staircase. This staircase is made of marble brought from Italy in the early eighteenth century. The frescoes are contemporary."

The young man in dark spectacles asked, "What date exactly is this house?"—a maddening question at such a juncture. Miss Bonville, bracing herself against a pillar, replied resignedly:

"The greater part of the present building was erected about 1630, by John Mautby, father of the first Earl of Yarmouth, but there was an earlier Tudor house here before that, part of which is incorporated in the present east wing, and archaeologists tell us that it was built on the site of a mediæval castle called Tuddenham, destroyed in the fifteenth century. There are also earthworks in the park, believed to be of Danish origin."

The clergyman intoned "Thank you, Madam," and the woman with

ceiling, which was painted with impossibly bronzed gods and incredibly rosy goddesses.

"Isn't this type of hall rather out of place in this type of house?"

"This hall happens to be the only part of the house rebuilt by Colonel Bonville, the first of his name to own this property," said Miss Bonville crushingly.

"Is it?" said the unabashed young man, "then I think I should like to take a time-exposure of it."

He was still fiddling in a corner of the hall when Miss Bonville returned from having ushered forth the last party for the day into a tangled wilderness of sadly shrunken park, having banged the massive doors after them in a manner suggestive of temper.

"I don't in the least know what your name is, and I don't care," she began hotly, "but I may as well tell you that I am perfectly sick of having you come round my house annoying me by asking idiotic questions, and next time you appear I shall refuse to admit you. I would have done so to-day, only I didn't recognise you."

"Thank Heaven you have at last!" replied the young man. "That means that now I can take off these goggles in which I can't see you a bit, and nearly killed myself. Rather a neat disguise, didn't you think—just them and the tripod?" He removed the tinted glasses, disclosing a pair of sleepy blue eyes set in rather a stolid, pleasantly sunburnt, countenance. Blinking at her, he announced triumphantly, "Do you know that I've now been round your house twenty-four times—every Saturday but two, that is, since you started showing it at Easter? It's been a strain, of course, getting here some days, when I've happened to be miles away on Friday night, and once I tried to come over in the Moth from Ireland, and when I got here couldn't find a spot to land on in your park. (However, I daresay you'd have it cut if you could.) . . . Now I realise that you haven't got artificial light, but what about a winter session from October to April, say ten to two, fog permitting? It would mean a good deal to me. But perhaps you are going away for the winter?"

Miss Bonville shook her head. "I never go away. I had thought of showing it in the mornings during the winter. . . . But really," remembering whom she was addressing, "if I've shown you over it already twenty-four times—"

"Oh! many more times than that," corrected the young man. "You see, I've brought a cinematograph camera often—you must have noticed. In the evenings. . . ." he smiled inanely. "I've got a splendid series of you on the terrace. I must say, I should like to get one of you in front of your own front door."

"But why?" began Miss Bonville.

"Oh! come, come," exclaimed the young man, "don't deny that you think it's perfectly marvellous here yourself."

"Well; naturally I do," admitted Miss Bonville, "but I don't see why you should."

"Can't you," said the large young man, looking down at her, "sympathise with anyone falling in love with everything here at first sight?"

"And really," continued Miss Bonville, disregarding the interruption, but with heightened colour, "I can't have you coming here every Saturday any more. And you must go now, please, because I've got to cook my dinner."

"Then they were speaking the truth when they told me in the village there isn't a soul in this house nowadays but yourself," said the young man sadly, as he folded up the legs of his tripod. "I hoped it wasn't. Your people must be cracked to allow it."

"I have no people since my great-uncle died. . . . And I live here alone and show the place for shillings, which was my own idea. And nobody can stop me, and I don't care what people say." Miss Bonville sounded defiant.

"That's good," said the young man, "for they're all saying that you will have to marry me! I was afraid it might put you off. Well," as she struggled speechlessly, "this is a flattish neighbourhood; I've hung round, and they don't see many intelligent healthy young men hereabouts. (At least I'm fairly intelligent and frightfully healthy.) Oh! I daresay you won't think much of the idea at first, but when you've had a bit more of the alternative I've hopes you'll wear down. You can't possibly go on living here all alone, you know. You'll get burgled or murdered. By the way, my name is Barlow, John Barlow. I expect you've guessed that, though you say you don't care what it is."

"I never heard it before in my life," replied Miss Bonville.

"Rather hard," commented Mr. Barlow, "considering the dozens of letters I've written to her."

"I never got a letter from you in my life!" said Miss Bonville indignantly.

"Well, your solicitors have from my solicitors, but that sounds unromantic."

"Oh!" Miss Bonville flushed, "if you're one of those people who want to buy my house for an hotel, I always throw all their letters in the basket unread."

"I am not 'one of those people!'" cried Mr. Barlow, aghast. "Don't waste your time reading their letters. Nobody but US could attempt to run a place on this scale. 'Barlow's Super-Road-Houses!'" he exclaimed. "You must have heard of them. 'Twenty-nine genuine antique mansions between Carlisle and Penzance.' Ours would make the thirtieth and be the star of the group. We could live in the Merry Monarch's Suite if you like, and you need see scarcely anything of our



"There is an interesting fact about this portrait," continued Miss Bonville. . . . "The lady is wearing a brooch of peculiar design. . . . I am wearing the same brooch to-day"

the baby enquired huskily, "Would it be true, Miss, that there are three hundred and sixty-five bedrooms here, one for every day of the year?"

"Not quite," said Miss Bonville, with an approach to a smile. "There are actually only about ninety bedrooms. If you counted all the reception rooms and galleries, I don't know how many that would come to . . ."

"And you live here all alone, surrounded by all these priceless *objets d'art*. Aren't you nervous?" ventured a Raffia hat.

"Not in the least," said Miss Bonville, the smile retreating. "Besides, as a matter of fact, a great many of the treasures of this house have been—er—dispersed during the last fifty years."

"I should be terrified of burglars," piped one of the schoolgirls. "There have been some frightful burglars round us lately."

They were descending the shadowy Grand Staircase, where sunset light picked up streaks of tarnished gold out of sepia gloom, when the young man made another enquiry, his voice booming in the domed

fellow-guests. Or, again, you could have always fresh faces about you, and need see scarcely anything of me. I lead a busy life. In fact, the only possible thing you can do, if you want to go on living in this house, is to marry me."

"Quite honestly," smiled Miss Bonville, "I've never heard of your hotels, Mr. Barlow. And I haven't the slightest intention of selling myself or my home to anybody. . . . I shall go on living in my own Super House until its roof falls in—as my people have done for nearly three hundred years."

"That's right," nodded Mr. Barlow. "Old-fashioned girl, stay-at-home type. That's one of the things I liked about you from the first. You see, the Barlows have always been Rovers. Rolling stones. You can't grow moss in the Road House business. Do you know that hundreds of years ago we kept a pub where Bonnie Prince Charlie used to stay? He never paid his bill, but he left the house some handsome wine-glasses with his portrait on them, which I'd like to show you. Good-looking fellow, curls and all that. The coming of the railways nearly killed us, but luckily the motor-car engine set us on our feet again."

"Is that your car at the door?" asked Miss Bonville pointedly, leading the way to the threshold, outside which stood an enormous racing model, painted canary-yellow.

"That's Jemima," acknowledged the young man, "I hope you don't mind my having called her after you. I felt I owed her something pretty after having brought her over here so often in all weathers. Now,

Over the mantelpiece there was a discoloured patch where the portrait of a large, fair young man used to smile inanely.

"All the miniatures are gone!" gasped Miss Bonville, as Mr. Barlow entered. "He's simply cut the locks out of the table."

"That's all right," nodded Mr. Barlow, "he'd dumped them in the drive, and was coming back for a few more souvenirs when I sighted him. Don't worry about that table. I know a man who can put in a new strip of wood for you in half an hour."

"This *escritoire* happens to be Eighteenth Century," snapped Miss Bonville.

"You understand these things," admitted Mr. Barlow humbly.

"I suppose," said Miss Bonville, "that you arranged this?"

"No," said Mr. Barlow, "if I had, I should have hired a man who didn't fall so heavily down frozen steps. Do all the Bonville House burglars fall like that?"

"What were you doing here, then?" asked Miss Bonville.

"Just an idea of my own to run down and have a look at the Old Place by moonlight and wish all within a Happy Christmas," said Mr. Barlow, actually blushing. "When I found you were throwing a party already, I thought perhaps I might glimpse you if I joined in."

"It's a pity you weren't any use then," said Miss Bonville waspishly.

"Would you have liked to meet him?" asked Mr. Barlow, surprised.

"I locked him into the Pagoda as I didn't know that you'd care to have him in the house while I ran down to the nearest telephone."

"Oh! you got him!" cried Miss Bonville, suddenly looking tiny.

"Don't go!" For Mr. Barlow was preparing to leave the room.

"Don't go!" repeated Miss Bonville, stamping her foot. "Don't dare to leave me alone in this ghastly house. I—I want to talk to you about it."

Sitting down rather quickly in front of the ruined *escritoire* and running a shaking finger over its surface, she added in a small voice:

"Miss Bonville was not afraid of burglars. . . . On her way down the Grand Staircase she detached a rapier. . . . It came down with a rush, bringing with it half-a-dozen other weapons."

if you wouldn't mind standing just as you are for one moment longer. . . ." He backed away from her, peering into his camera, and obtained a photograph of the front door being closed in his face.

"I shall keep on writing letters," shouted Mr. Barlow. . . .

Mr. Barlow chose the same evening as the burglar for his next visit—Christmas Eve. Miss Bonville, who had gone to bed at nine-thirty, as people are apt to do where there is no artificial light, lay above in black darkness listening to strangers moving about downstairs. She was not in the least afraid of burglars; all the same, it took her twenty minutes to light a candle, get into a tweed coat, and open her shuddering bedroom door.

On her way down the Grand Staircase she detached a rapier from a collection arranged upon the wall. The wire on which it hung was rusty and it came down with a rush, bringing with it half-a-dozen other weapons. As they crashed into the hall there was an answering scream from below, and somebody trying to get in at a window met somebody trying to get out of the same one in a hurry. Miss Bonville's candle blew out, and she had to return to her room for the matches. From her window there she observed two people rolling over and over on the snow-powdered drive. There was a full moon, and she got an excellent view of Mr. Barlow, on his hands and knees, staring rather stupidly after the burglar, who was running away in the direction of the Pagoda.

Downstairs, the scene of confusion in the white-panelled library suggested that the recent snowstorm had somehow got into the house.

"I know it was you who bought Jemima's portrait and John Mautby's when I sent them up to be sold last week. I may as well admit that I sold John because he reminded me of you every time I looked at him; you're his living image; but I sold Jemima because I couldn't help it. . . . Even before you came this evening I'd begun to make up my mind. If I don't get the roof here repaired this year, it will fall in on me, they say. Rather than that. . . . And since you once said that you fell in love with this place at first sight. . . ."

"I didn't mean it, but I suppose that is what I did say," admitted Mr. Barlow, looking far from victorious.

"Don't you care for it, then?" Miss Bonville rose like a tigress.

"Don't leave me alone in this ghastly house!" muttered large Mr. Barlow.

"The only possible thing. . . ." wondered Miss Bonville. [THE END.]





"As the flames began to touch her she is reputed to have cried out. . . ."

THE GREEN LADY OF LACINGS

By LADY FLAVIA GIFFARD.

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD.

I.

FIVE times five is twenty-five. I *will* be calm! Five times six is thirty," muttered Anne, but there were tears in her eyes. She thrust out her hands to the warm fire, and the light shone for a moment on her golden wedding-ring. "Five times seven is thirty-five." Oh, if only Julian's father would come! Surely he would tell her that she was a fool, that it was all a mistake, that of course Julian would return. "Left you?" she could almost hear him saying. "Disappeared? Nonsense!"

She got to her feet and wandered round the room. The library, with its solid shelves lined with even more massive tomes, seemed to reassure her. She came back to the portrait of Julian, which hung above the mantelpiece, and stood looking up at it, in an attitude almost of prayer. And it was at that moment that her father-in-law came into the room.

"Anne, my dear, how nice of you to come round!" But, even as he spoke, John Lacey's manner changed. He could scent trouble from far away, and now he became alert and keenly observant.

Gently he pushed her into a chair. "Something wrong?"

"Yes." She must be calm. "Julian's gone."

"Gone?" He tried not to show his incredulity. "You don't mean—left you?"

"Apparently. It's difficult to grasp, isn't it?" Her laugh was a little unsteady. "It happened last night. We quarrelled over—oh, it seems absurd! Besides, we didn't quarrel. He just got frightfully upset about—something, and left—walked out."

With due regard for her overwrought nerves, her father-in-law suppressed a smile. "But, my dear Anne, you don't really imagine because you've had one little—well, shall we say misunderstanding?—that he's left you for ever? It's ridiculous! He's probably gone away to cool his temper. Young devil!"

"He wasn't in a temper." Anne was very tired.

"Well, then?" But she did not answer. To speak truth, she was not a little embarrassed. It was so dramatic to relate one's "Life History" in capital letters. But, unless she told Julian's father

everything from the beginning, he couldn't very well be expected to understand now—or help.

John Lacey drew a second chair up to the fire and appeared to evince an altogether unnecessary interest in the arrangement of the coals. Perhaps, in a moment or two, she would begin to talk. In spite of his attitude of reassurance, he was, in fact, rather worried. Anne, as a rule, was such a cheerful person, with that quality of "sweet reasonableness" which he so admired in women. He had always thought of her and Julian as the ideal young couple. But perhaps, in his old-fashioned optimism, he had taken too much for granted.

Presently she spoke. "Do you remember your first introducing me to Julian?"

He made an effort to recall the occasion. "Ye-es. Some dinner-party, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "You thought I'd never met him before, didn't you?"

"Well, yes. I did."

"Well, I had."

An almost imperceptible raising of the eyebrows was all the surprise her father-in-law allowed himself to express. "Go on," he encouraged.

"Can you remember the year previous to that, when you and Lady Lacey asked me down to stay at Lacings for the first time? I was seventeen. It was a party for a Yeomanry Ball, and I——"

"Was to meet Julian," he broke in, chuckling to himself. "Yes, I remember perfectly. We'd already, in a manner of speaking, marked you down as our future daughter-in-law."

"Yes; but, if you recollect, Julian never turned up. The Ball was on the Friday. He couldn't get away from London because he was on duty at some function or other as A.D.C. He was going to have come down on Sunday by car."

"I do remember now." He nodded. "Telegraphed Sunday morning to say he wasn't coming after all, didn't he? Made us a man short, and his mother was furious. Well?"

"On the Saturday night," continued Anne, "about eleven o'clock, we all went up to bed. My room was in the old tower—the tower of what used to be the Keep—the room with that wonderful stone

[Continued on page 43.]

A Painter's Visions of Wagner: "The Ring" Translated into Colour.

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"DAS RHEINGOLD": THE GIANTS, FAFNER AND FASOLT, FIGHT FOR POSSESSION OF THE RING.

"So, in greedy strife, the giants sway, now this way, now that . . . For the lust of gold had enticed their souls, each desiring for himself alone the treasure which Wotan, Father of the Gods, had given them in return for their labours. And Fafner, with a mighty blow, did slay Fasolt and take from him the Ring."

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IT is a strange world into which Wagner plunges with his mightiest work, "The Ring of the Nibelungs." It is a world of gold and darkness, of much less than gold: of dauntless heroes and women their match in courage; of coarse and stupid giants, enemies of the gods; of lovely sirens, who watch over the gold in the depths of the Rhine; of the Nibelungs themselves, dwarf-smiths, hideous and mean, who toil and plot in hollows of the earth as sinister and misshapen as themselves. Redeemed only by love is the long story of the fall of the gods from power. Yet, even that love is marred by treachery, just as treachery and lust for gold hurled Wotan, the Father of the Gods, from his dominion, and Valhalla itself into the consuming flames.

The building of Valhalla, the castle which Wotan bade the giants Fafner and Fasolt build for him, led to the first trafficking with the



"GOTTERDAMMERUNG": THE THREE FATES SPIN THE THREAD OF DESTINY.
"Wise women of mystery were the Fates, the Norns, who spun the fate of the world as they sang, each throwing the cord to the next as she took up the story."

powers of evil. Wotan has promised to hand Freia, the guardian of the apples of youth, to the giants as their pay. Loge, the god of mischief and lying, suggests that Freia may yet be saved by giving the giants the gold that has been seized from the Rhine and its guardian maidens by the dwarf Alberich. Wotan and Loge will cheat the dwarf, and visit him in his gloomy cavern, where his slaves toil at their anvils, slashed with whips. Loge, playing on Alberich's pride in his power of magic, persuades him to turn himself into a toad. Thus is he captured and carried, bound, to the upper regions. His hoard of gold he is forced to disgorge. Even the Golden Ring Wotan tears from his finger, as the dwarf spits his malediction

This ring by baleful curse I won,
So may that curse for ever run;
Boundless might brought me this gold.
Let Death each wearer now enfold

Freia is released. The giants are given their gold; but, quarrelling over the spoil, Fafner strikes Fasolt dead. Already Alberich's curse is working. As the gods and goddesses pass to Valhalla over a rainbow bridge, conjured up by Donner, the Thunder God, with one blow of his mighty hammer, the Song of the Rhine Maidens, mournful now, is heard

Give back the gold! Give back the gold!
The gods are false, and honour sold.

Thus does even the Prelude ("Das Rheingold") to the great music-drama, close on a note of foreboding.

The Thunder God still murmurs as the drama opens, for Siegmund enters the house of the absent Hunding to shelter from a storm. But gods and their wives are now forgotten in a story of love as old as the gods themselves. Sieglinde, wife of Hunding, tends the hero-guest, whom Hunding, returning, recognises as an enemy. The sacred laws of guest and host protect him for that night. On the morrow, Hunding will kill him. Weaponless in the house of his enemy, he remembers his father's promise that a sword shall be his—Nothung, the sword of need. A burst of flame from the dying fire lights up the tree round which the house is built, and the hilt of the sword buried in its trunk. The storm has passed. Sieglinde, who has drugged Hunding, gazes in worship as Siegmund—lover, deliverer, and brother—draws forth the sword. Into the night they flee.

Remote in his mountain, Wotan has again played false. Fricka, his wife, reminds him of the wronged Hunding. To Hunding must go the victory in the coming fight. The double crime, adultery and incest, must be avenged. Powerless, crushed with remorse, he bids Brünnhilde, the warrior maiden, his daughter and other self, slay Siegmund.

Wearily the lovers stumble up the mountain path, Siegmund to learn from Brünnhilde of his doom. She cannot but pity him. Nay, she disobeys and shields him from Hunding's attack. But Wotan is mightier than she, mightier even than the sword Nothung, which he shatters with his spear, so that Hunding slays him who wielded it. . . .



"SIEGFRIED": THE HERO CLIMBS THROUGH FIRE
TO THE SLEEPING BRÜNNHILDE.

"Through the fiery Terror climbed Siegfried the All-Knowing, to the summit of the Rock of the Valkyries, where Brünnhilde lay sleeping, awaiting her release by the hero who knew not fear."



"SIEGFRIED": THE HERO SLAYS THE DRAGON-GIANT, FAFNER.

"Then from the cave came Fafner in dragon form, breathing loathly poison and the scorching heat of ten thousand flames . . . Him, too, did Siegfried the Dauntless slay."

Dread it to be the vengeance of the father of the gods on Brünnhilde, who has dared to thwart him. Before taking his wrath, she saves the hapless Sieglinda, who is to give birth to Siegfried.

Away, then, swiftly, sped unto the east
And vent'ur'd o'er all forests.
Hunger and thirst not longer and a ruin way!
Laugh, when want and sorrow found him.
For one thing know, and treasure it for aye,
The world's most glorious hero of all time,
Rests, O woman, in thy sheltering womb.

It is the trying-place of the Valkyries, who, to the surge of awesome music, are seen riding through the clouds. Brünnhilde, fairest and bravest of them all, is fleeing from the wrath of Wotan. They will not dare not, give her shelter. As Wotan emerges, terrible, from the storm, he curses her. His anger melts before her pleading. Yet her punishment must be heavy. Let her be enmeshed with fiery terror and sleep through the ages until only he who knows no fear can release her. Lo, the Fire God, is summoned, and the flames wreath the high round the slumbering Brünnhilde.

Years pass before Siegfried is seen. Once more we are in a land of spells and dwarfs, one of whom, the misshapen Mime, brother to Alberich, has cared for the boy hero. Sieglinda died when he was born. But he has the broken pieces of Nothung, the magic sword, which, in a mighty song, he forges into one glittering blade. With it he slays Fafner, the guardian of the Gold of the Rhine in the guise of a fire-breathing dragon. The dragon's blood burns his hand. One taste of it gives him knowledge of hidden mysteries, of the language of birds, of the Ring which will make him world-master. From the voice of a bird, too, he learns of the rock where still sleeps the fire-girt Brünnhilde. With a blast of his horn he climbs ever upward through the glare of the fire, which subsides at his approach. A kiss awakens her.

In gloomy twilight open the last phase of the story—in very truth "The Twilight of the Gods." The Fates, three closely-veiled women, are weaving the World's destiny, casting to each other the cord. The cord breaks, worn by the sharp edge of the rocks. Again the Curse sounds. . .

But the sun shines forth, and Siegfried, now mated to Brünnhilde, appears, in golden armour, to take leave of her for a while. For he is to journey in search of deeds of valour. He bestows on her the Ring, a token of his love and a protection against all ill. In their hall by the Rhine he finds Gunther and his sister, Gutrune, with their half-brother Hagen, the son of Alberich. They have plotted the doom of Siegfried, and give him a magic drink of mead. It is a love-potion, and his eyes fall on Gutrune. In mad passion for her he agrees to the schemes of Gunther and Hagen, returns to Brünnhilde, only to wrest the Ring from her in brutal heartlessness, and to journey forth with Gutrune in a joyous wedding company. Brünnhilde is bent only on vengeance.

The Rhine Maidens sing again their lament for the lost gold. Siegfried will not give them the Ring. They add a new and dread note to their song. "Siegfried! We know that evil awaits thee!"

Not for instant is that evil. The hero, all ensnared by the magic draught, is hunting with his false friends. He turns his back to glance at a flight of ravens. Hagen transfixed him, with his spear. With the blow, his memory and his love for Brünnhilde return. For her sakes are his dying thoughts. . . . As the moon breaks through the lowering clouds, the hero's body is borne on a shield to the hall by the Rhine, where Gutrune and Brünnhilde await him. Hagen and Gunther fight for the Ring, which is still on Siegfried's hand, and Gunther is slain. As Hagen approached to seize it, the dead man's arm is raised in awful threat. . . .

Brünnhilde is left alone before her beloved. "Truer than the sword no man hath; yet none ever betrayed his love as I have!" None, protesting her, she takes the accused Ring, and hurls it back into the Rhine. Siegfried's body has now been carried to the pyre. She waits for it a burning brand, and, mounting her horse, gallops into the flames.

In the lurid glow of the sky appears Valhalla, the mighty castle perishing by fire. And the gods perish with it. The victory of the powers of evil over the divine order is complete. Through lust for power and gold the very foundations of heaven and earth have been rent asunder. The tragedy has reached its dread climax for gods and mortals alike.—PHILIP HARRIS

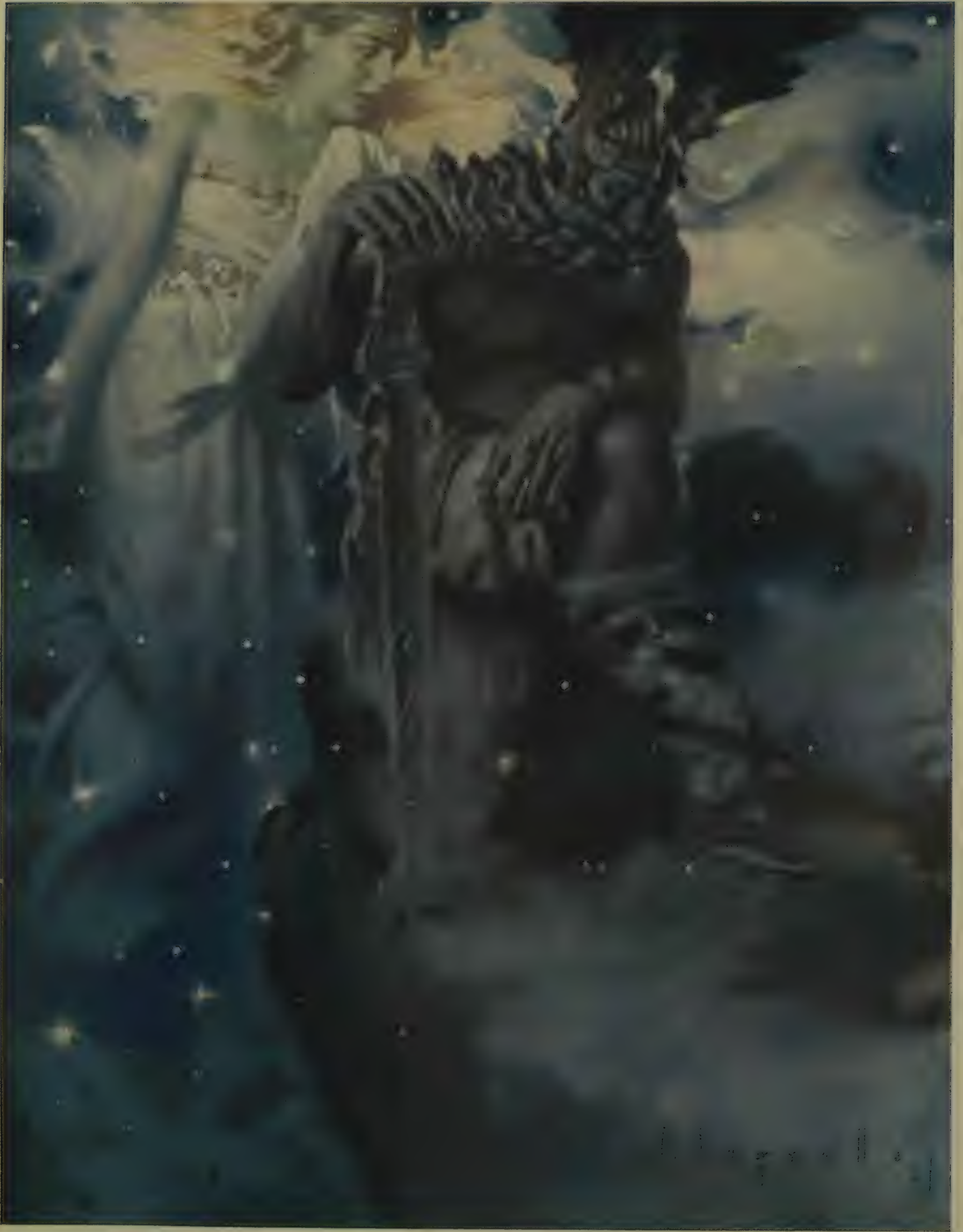


"SIEGFRIED": THE HERO FORGES ANEW THE BROKEN SWORD.

"Thus to exultant song Siegfried forged again in Mime's lair the sword Nothung . . . Into one glittering blade were its broken fragments welded, And the fire gave it new and magic life."

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"DIE WALKÜRE": FRICKA COMPELS HER LORD, WOTAN, KING OF THE GODS, TO FORSAKE SIEGMUND.

"In her chariot, drawn by rams, rode Fricka, wife of Wotan, to warn her lord. Protectress of the homestead, she is outraged by the guilty love of Siegmund and Sieglinde. Wotan's decree cannot stand. To the wronged must be given the victory. Not for the Father of the Gods is evasion. Siegmund must die."



THE PARADE BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE.

After the Painting entitled "Circus."

WHAT Christmas in London would be without its three splendid circuses, one scarcely dares to imagine. Once upon a time there existed Pantomime, and when I say Pantomime, I mean those gorgeous magic carnivals that took place every Christmas at Drury Lane, with George Graves and Will Evans as jesters-in-chief. True, there is pantomime nowadays: but somehow it seems to become each year a little sadder, a little dustier; each year a little more inexplicably tangled up with musical comedy and revue.

The circus, on the contrary, is very properly unchanging and conservative. We may have three rings, or even five, in addition to one; but what takes place within these rings is pretty well what took place within Philip Astley's rude arena in the remote days of the eighteenth century. The interior of the ring-fence is still the scene of gallant, perilous feats, gaily performed; of superb horsemanship, of joyous buffoonery that would have delighted Will Shakespeare; of courage and discipline so admirable that one cannot find words with which to describe its magic.

I am often asked what kind or type of people are those who perform twice daily inside the ring-fence. I am asked if they are gypsies, whether they are completely savage; whether wire-walkers and trapezists suffer agonies of nerves, and whether or not the trainers are brutal to their animals.

I am glad to have the opportunity of answering

INSIDE THE RING-FENCE

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH,

Author of "Red Wagon," "Ballerina," etc.

Illustrated with Paintings of Circus Life by SEAGO.

have somehow evolved a strange language, a mixture of German and Spanish, which everyone connected with the Big Top seems to understand with complete facility. Acrobats do not suffer from nerves. They could not survive the strain of risking their limbs twice a day if they did. Incurable optimists, they are utterly unable to visualise the possibilities of an accident. They are amused and delighted by

the spectators' reaction to some especially dangerous trick. I have never personally known a trainer cruel to his animals, nor have I myself seen an act, or a rehearsal, in which there has existed the slightest element of cruelty. Perhaps I have been fortunate, but I do not think so. It would not be wise to treat lions or tigers cruelly. Their tempers would immediately be spoilt, with the result that, sooner or later, they would inevitably avenge themselves upon their tormentors.

Togare, the famous tiger-trainer, who has worked so often for Bertram Mills, recently saw a film in which a trainer is shown entering the arena carrying, as a shield, a stout wooden chair. I asked Togare if, when he is training wild animals, he ever employs such a protection.



PERILOUS WORK ALOFT.

After the Painting entitled "The Big Top."

"Never," he replied. "When I am with new animals, I spend a week—two weeks—three weeks—sitting outside the cage, talking all the time to the animals, so that they shall get used to me and to the sound of my voice. All this time I feed them and give them water. When I see that they are ready, I go inside the cage, sit down, and do nothing—just for a few minutes. Every day I spend a longer time inside the cage. Then, when they are quite used to me, it is easy to teach them to jump on to pedestals. But never in my life have I used a chair as a shield! What is the use of alarming the animals and making them nervous? The most important thing is that they should trust me—as much as wild animals will ever trust anyone!"

Togare, like Mabel Starke, wrestles with a tiger; Clemens Merk, another trainer, allows a lioness to eat a piece of raw meat placed on his bare chest. Captain Alfred Schneider was wont, at one time, to feed seventy lions, all at once, in the Big Cage. But trainers are not the only people from inside the ring-fence to risk their lives twice a day. What of Alfredo Cadona, the aerialist, who, working high up in the roof, turns a triple somersault while travelling at approximately fifty to sixty miles an hour? What of the Wallendas, who also work up in the roof, and who form a pyramid, balancing on a chair, while they themselves are balanced precariously upon the high wire? One day last summer, when I was with the Mills show, Arthur Wallenda ran up to me when he had finished his act, and exclaimed delightedly, his face wreathed in smiles: "Wasn't I shaky to-day? Didn't I frighten you?"

Bareback riders run the risk of striking their heads against the ring-fence if they are unlucky enough to fall. Delbosq, a



THE WANDERING ENGLISH CIRCUS.

After the Painting entitled "The Horse Tent."



A SATANIC RIDER IN THE RING.

After the Painting entitled "Mefisto."

rider with the Mills show, once broke both his legs in an appalling accident. He was on crutches for many months—lame for several years. He is now riding a team of six horses at the same time!

The late Lillian Leitzel, who, on several occasions achieved the amazing record of more than a hundred over-arm spins, so addled her brain by these terrific revolves, that she was more likely than not to take her call in a state of semi-delirium, scarcely knowing where she was or what she was doing. Very frequently it took about twenty minutes for her mind to become normal once more. I have considered the cosmopolitan, international aspect of circus life; what I have to say would not be complete without some mention of the English family circus that is, and ever has been, the very backbone of this most enchanting form of entertainment.

The little, lone English circus is often lacking in funds, and unpretentious and Bohemian. It is such a gallant enterprise that any praise of it would make the writer feel most uncomfortably condescending. It is probably unchanged since the days of Queen Elizabeth. It sets out to entertain—and it succeeds. Picture a cluster of battered, gypsy-looking wagons, a small, time-worn tent, one sweating, slaving family, three piebald horses, an aged lion—and there you have your tiny English tenting show.

One cannot praise these people too highly—it would be an impertinence. They are ragged and superb. They live like gypsies and work like demons. They can trace their genealogical trees for many, many generations, and yet the great

names of the circus—the names of Mills, and Sarasani, and Krone, and Gleich—signify nothing whatsoever to them. The Family alone counts, and the Family means everything. Bertram Mills himself would be considered an intruder in many of these tiny shows. Nomad, happy-go-lucky, reserved, and fanatically proud, the small English circus still wanders from one village green to another, very much as it must have wandered in the days of Merrie England.

But let us, for a moment, forget all this, and imagine ourselves at Olympia. Beneath this mighty dome are gathered together, for one Christmas season, the most brilliant circus acts of all the world. You will see a long programme at Olympia, and you will never see a bad act. Of how many circuses can one say as much?

I would add but this to anyone who has never before visited Olympia Circus—don't miss the Parade! The Olympia Parade is as sensuously beautiful as the Russian Ballet, and less remote; it is exotic, gorgeous, moving and vital; it is like nothing else in the world to-day—it is utterly unique. When the Parade is over, you will watch the performance, and you will undoubtedly be thrilled. I would ask you to remember only this—the performers of the circus are neither savages nor magicians: they are charming, normal, industrious people, whose private existence might well set an example to us all—even to the most complacent of our acquaintances. For; let us face facts: no one who has never travelled with a Circus can possibly understand the splendid reliability which is part and parcel of those amazing people who earn their living within the ring-fence.



DOMESTIC LIFE IN A "TRAVELLING TOWN."

After the Painting entitled "Vardos."



The Good Boy



The Bad Boy

The "Livre d'Amis" of Marguerite de Valois.

A Description by
Barbara Bingley

With Illustrations from the
Original Keepsake Book.

(See Pages 28, 29.)

"**L**E Livre d'Amis' de Marguerite de Valois" . . . this book, bound in white vellum and tooled in gold, is a touching relic of that lovely lady of whom it was written: "Her beauty . . . made all hearts waste away." This beauty, like that of her sister-queens, Helen of Troy and Mary of Scotland, had a fatal quality which destroyed many of those who loved her. Historians have alternately praised and vilified her; but, whether acclaimed as the inspiration of her age or abused as a wanton, all chroniclers agree that she played a significant part in the history of her country. Her influence was enormous, not only politically, but socially; for wherever she went, her wit, her loveliness, and her intelligence kindled the minds of all who came in contact with her. The daughter of Catherine de' Medici, she inherited the Valois love of letters, and, like other members of her house, Marguerite was a generous patron to all poets, philosophers, and painters. She welcomed intellectual ability of any kind, irrespective

when the Queen, then in the autumn of her beauty, returned to Paris after her long exile at the Castle of Usson.

The "Livre d'Amis," or keepsake book, contains twenty-one poems, with accompanying decorations and illustrations. The entries

are spaced between groups of blank pages, and each one consists of a decoration, a poem, and an illustration. Birds, beasts, and flowers, delicately painted in water-colour, precede each poem. The verses are Huictains, or stanzas of eight rhymed lines. They are neatly copied, in three distinct hand-writings, in black ink, with capitals and scroll-work in red. Facing each is an illustration, also in water-colour, and generally enriched with gilding. The verses are all love poems, with the exception of five which describe incidents from classical mythology, and two which allude to historical events—the Battle of Pavia, and a sea-fight, possibly Lepanto. Halfway through the volume a fourth admirer has scribbled across three pages some stanzas addressed to the Queen—

Escoutes donq ma petite
A quoy faire on vous invite
A tant de fretillement
A tant de petit menu remüement

Tout le plaisir qu'on a a mariage
Ce n'est tout que fretillement.
A quoy fait doux mourir
Quant la cause est sy belle.
(Continued on page 40.)

of the social standing of its owner; a tolerance which, whilst it won for her the disapproval of her contemporaries, proved her to be the first of those famous Frenchwomen whose salons were the nursery of so much poetry and philosophy. Throughout her life she devoted herself to the worship of Love — both sacred and profane; and a curious combination of sensuality and piety is the chief characteristic of her nature. A contemporary has listed her lovers up to the number of twenty-two. His accuracy is a matter of small importance, but it is certain that, did this book contain tributes from all who admired her, its every page would be filled twice over. It is however, a record of only four years of Marguerite's life. The poems are dated 1604 and 1608, and cover a period

These paintings of birds and beasts are reproduced from the originals in the "Livre d'Amis" of Marguerite de Valois.

The "Livre d'Amis" of Marguerite de Valois

With the Original Verses accompanying the Illustrations.
(Translated into English by Barbara Bingley.)

LOVERS' DESIRES.

THE NOBLEMAN:

Thine orchards all a-bloom, thy lands, thy geare,
Thy girdled towers, they tempt me not, my Deare,
For in thyself more choice a realm I see,
And thy rich goodes seem little worth to me.

THE LADY:

When in thine eyes high courage I behold,
Valour a-flame, and beauties manifold,
In my owne heart arise transforming fires,
Which change my verie self toward thy desires.



LOVE MUST SEEKE ITS KINDE.

Each from his owne must seeke his happinesse,
Kinde must to kinde their tender vows
addresse.

The lover lark pursues his mate and sings
His madrigals on ever-mounting wings;
Most innocent each creature seekes his paire,
The antlered stag his doe: the horse his
mare;

And he who would his bliss preserve must
finde

His counterparte in love, nor change his
minde.

THE ROSE AND THE HEART.

THE COURTEOUS NOBLEMAN:

To you I give this rose, and my poor heart.
Love wills it thus, and no man may prevail
Against that Archer, whose far-reaching dart
Can pierce the verie gods and make them
quail.

THE LADY:

Cupid in this same hour hath wounded me:
Take then my heart; my loss shall be your
gain;
Your gift my sweet reward; thus each shall be
A goodly balm to soothe the other's pain.



*Leaves
from the Keepsake Book
of a Fair Lady
whose Beauty Made
All Hearts Waste Away.*

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

*In singleness of heart these lovers loved,
And each with equal virtues was adorned ;
Alas, they died, by gods and mortals
mourned
Sweet Thisbe, by her burning passion moved,
Disdained to live when Pyramus had died,
And with his sword transfixed her tender
side
Ah, Lovers all, beware Love's fiery grace,
Lest envious Death should sever your embrace*

HERO AND LEANDER.

*Unkindlie Love, how many hast thou laid
Away from sunnie life in Death's darke
shade
O'erwhelmed in waters cold Leander dies ;
Sweet Hero's lamp illumines his drowning
eyes ;
In vaine it burns, it will not now invite
Leander to the doore of Love's delight ;
Her life was linked with his ; her mortal
paine
She ends with death, and seekes her Lord
againe*

TELLETH OF THE JUDGMENT
OF PARIS.

*Three forms divine their graces now display
Before the shepherd Paris, that he may
The golden apple give, th'ennobling prize,
To her who most delights his dazzled eyes.
Queen Juno tempts him with a kingly
crown,
Majestic Pallas promises renown :
Ah, foolish boy, to pass these worthies by
And choose Dame Venus and Love's tyranny.*

The CHRISTMAS TREE

A Fable by JOSEPH HARDWICKE.

"WHAT a bore!" sighed the Fairy on the topmost spire of the Christmas Tree. Her remark was addressed to the world in general, and she opened her little painted mouth in a long, wide gape without putting her hand across it. But then she was very modern and sophisticated, and wore the copy of an organdie frock sponsored by Augustabernard, which really was the very latest, and fashionable people do not worry about politeness or manners, because smart clothes take them almost anywhere . . . except into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"What a bore!" she repeated with emphasis; but, as nobody seemed interested enough to question her, she kicked her left leg right over her head for the sake of something to do, and there she remained, still and perfectly balanced, for a silent minute.

So delicate was the mechanism of her little figure that, *presto!* like the rapid winking of an eye, she threw her right leg up and her left leg down and pirouetted, pirouetted, with the impetuosity of a marionette. The fragile shoot on which she spun trembled ever so slightly, like the conjuror's wand on which he spins a silver star.

"Hi, hi, Miss! Be careful!" remonstrated that common costermonger, the Tin Whistle, hanging by his violet silk choicer from the branch just below. "You'll bring us all down wiv yer 'igh shakes."

She stopped with the precision of a dancer, looked down at him as disdainfully as her paint would allow, then, "Sorry, cullender body!" she answered rudely. "Did you bite that one?"

"Well, there's more satisfaction to be got out of my octave than your one note," said the Tin Whistle smartly, and, being a vulgar fellow, drowned all retort by whistling through all his holes at once.

"That is quite a matter of opinion," interposed the Humming Top, who came to an understanding slowly; but then, he'd got red eyes, a dissipated smile, and generally looked as if he'd been around a bit. "What's boring you, Baby?"

"Stand on one toe for five hours and ask again!" she snapped. "What the deuce is the use of getting us ready at this time? It's forty-eight hours to the party, I'm as giddy as a goat, and I've lost my dashed powder-box. Besides, I was reading my novel when I was dragged out of my apartment and stuck up here . . . time drags without your novel." That, of course, was untrue;

she had been spelling out her price ticket and identification numbers, but still, "novel" was the word to use, and she hoped her audience were impressed.

"Of course, I get bored too, dear," drawled the Black Velvet Spider, patronisingly. "It's travel does it. Of course, dear, you've travelled?"

"Oh, yes," simpered the Fairy, using the affected closed throat of non-breeding conversing with the other sort of snobbiness. "I had a sea voyage here, you know."

"That was Barking Creek," mocked the Tin Whistle.

"I don't know Barking Creek; I've never been to Barking Creek, and I don't know what you mean," she said, going very red, because the Tin Whistle had assumed correctly.

"Yes, dear; we travelled people can't stay in one place long," continued the Spider, ignoring the Tin Whistle. "You know, I've just come through from Lugano; charming, charming spot," and she looked half round at the company with a smiling, vibrating conceit.

"Oh, quite, quite," said the Queen of Hearts, hurriedly, and nearly choking; "but give me the Adriatic." Then, throwing out her hand with the affected grace of Lady Macbeth. "So blue, and blue, and blue, yes . . . the Adriatic."

"Did someone say Hadrian?" whispered a little voice from the green shadow of the fir-tree, where a diminutive figure of white sugar, half a cake-ornament, half like a statue, was suspended. "Say Hadrian?" he repeated, but his voice was lost amid the vanities above, and he went back to his dreams amid the



"Support!" said the Queen of Hearts. "What about my Court? re shuffle society, I suppose?"

cool, green dusk of the fir. It was like floating in dreamy Nile water . . .

"If it's South you all like, give me Africa," grunted the Goliwog. "That's the country."

"Oh, far too hot for me; all taboos and tom-toms, I've heard," said the Queen of Hearts, who, now that the gold standard was against her, could never have afforded the journey, and, anyway, got all her foreign experience from lying on a Baedeker for a week before she was purchased. "Besides, I overheard the Knave whispering to the Ten of Clubs that they'd instituted a horrid mudist cult there."

"Far too hot," commented the Velvet Spider, "one can go too far south—"

"Until you get north," said the Polar Bear, "and that's where I live," and because he was a clumsy fellow, and because society has its own incomprehensible reasons for ostracising a member, for a frozen moment there was silence. This, apparently, was going too far, and the company, for once working together, as society confronted by a common problem will, changed the subject gracefully.

"Ah, you good folk wouldn't do so much travel and high talk if you had a family to support," said the Cockerel on the rag book, turning an affectionate and fatherly eye towards the chicks running up behind him.

"No, not if you had a family to support," came the muffled voice of the Hen on the back page. She always supported her lord and master. "Unity in the home means unity for society, and peace abroad"—that was her motto; a safe policy as far as she was concerned, for her lord had his way when and how he liked it.



It would be a Rummy state of affairs if the Queen hadn't the support of her Court! You're one of those horrible bragging Bolsheviks who want to "Bah!" sneered the Tin Whistle. "Don't be so melodramatic!"

"Support!" said the Queen of Hearts. "What about my Court? It would be a Rummy state of affairs if the Queen hadn't the support of her Court! Snap goes institution and tradition. I'm afraid I lose Patience with Beggar My Neighbours like you. You're one of those horrible bragging Bolsheviks who want to re-shuffle society, I suppose? Such theories are Blind Hookey, my friend. That's what the country's suffering from now. Ask any Banker!"

"Bah!" sneered the Tin Whistle. "Don't be so melodramatic."

"Besides," continued the Queen, ignoring the interruption, "when I was on the Adriatic."

"Did someone say Hadrian?" sobbed a little voice . . .

"When I was on the Adriatic, which was so blue, blue, blue," mimicked the Humming Top. Of course, this made everybody shirk with laughter, and the Queen of Hearts, clicking her fan over her scarlet face to hide her embarrassed rage, retired temporarily from the conversation.

"Anyway, Mr. Cock Finch!" shrieked the Fairy from the top of the tree, "We all have to support someone. Look at this little leg of mine," and she gave it a vulgar slap with the silver wand. "Look at the 'IT' that supports," and she broke into a loud and vulgar laugh.

"Thin tissue supporting thin air. I should describe it as one of the ruins Elinor Glyn knocked about a bit," said the Tin Whistle, unable to resist the opportunity. "La, la, la, la!" and he trilled up and down his musical slim body, drowning the Fairy's scream of "Wise-cracker!"

"I wonder if somebody will ever support me!" sighed Dolly Daydreams from her silver bower on the lower

branches, and she looked across at Somebody and, meeting his eyes, dropped her own so maidenly and blushed so sweetly that Somebody in red velvet felt his heart cloy with honey. But perhaps that was because Prince Charming was filled with comfits. He would support her; with all his body he would worship, and all his worldly goods endow. The wedding bells rang in his mind and the confetti showered like multi-coloured snow through his imagination.

"Yes; when you've a family to support, and have a purpose in life, there's not much time for travelling and time-killing nonsense," the Cockerel, eyeing the Velvet Spider archly, continued. "That is, of course, if you are lucky enough to get a man to support you in the first place," he added blandly.

Miss Velvet Spider narrowed her beady eyes and twisted her fingers and toes into one purl, two plain, with indignation. One purl, two plain, too plain—that's it, plain. "I couldn't help being plain," and she suddenly fell to excessive weeping and turned to the Queen of Hearts for support.

"Now, now! Never mind, my dear," the Queen said with sympathy. "When this party business is over, we'll get out of it. Only modern 'emancipated expression could have created such a cosmopolitan situation." So saying, she gave the Rag Book such a contemptuous glare that the Cockerel felt thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Yes, my dear, we'll get away to the Blue Adriatic—"

"Did someone say—?" came a whisper straying from the support of dreams.

"I said—or, at least, I was going to say," boomed a voice as huge as the other was small, "I was going to say," rumbled the Fir-Tree, "that you people are making a lot of noise about your paltry responsibilities, what about the responsibility of supporting you?" And he roared with laughter from his roots, shaking the company with such force that everybody had violent headaches for the rest of the afternoon. "Yes, what about me? I'm supporting you! I'm supporting the whole lot of you!"

"Oh, shut up!" said the Floor.

THE END.





"MAN'S HAPPINESS!"

By NORMAN LINDSAY.

UPON the faces of every one in this band of fugitives is shown fear, exhaustion, despair, or cynical contempt, from the captain, bearing aloft the Castilian standard, down to the lowest of the rabble horde, staggering along under his burden, bandits all, pursued at last by those they have murdered and robbed. Whether it were in Peru or Mexico or in other parts, the cupidity of the seekers of treasure knew no bounds. "You shall use every diligence to seek out these riches of the King of the Incas," ran the royal warrant of the King of Spain, but the day of retribution sought them all out, whether by poisoned arrow or starvation, to feed the sinister condors in the Andes; 'twas all the same in the end. Millions of golden treasure, it is said, lie yet concealed in lone lakes and canyons, flung there by the natives and never yet discovered. The moral of the artist may be that gold was discovered to the hurt of mankind!



"Thought I might as well bring my stuff along with me," he muttered, doing his best to conceal from Mr. Borlase the articles which he was unpacking.

THE BATTLE OF THE TREES

By MARGUERITE STEEN,

Author of "Unicorn" and "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins."

Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

AS Mr. Lambarde toiled up the last flight of stairs, on which the economy of the landlady provided only a bubble of gas, he saw, above and ahead of him, a broad rectangle of light. He felt glad; not only because this meant that he would not stumble over that tiresome last step at the top, where the staircase took an ill-tempered twist, wholly in keeping with the rest of the house, as though anxious to afford the maximum of inconvenience to its tenants; but because it meant that Mr. Borlase's door was open; that if he hurried up and made as little noise as possible, he would get a peep into Mr. Borlase's room, and this, of all things, as he knew, was most calculated to annoy Mr. Borlase. As the last eleven years of his life had been dedicated to annoying Mr. Borlase—always within the strict limits of gentlemanly politeness—Mr. Lambarde's heart gave a little skip of triumph.

As a rule Mr. Borlase was so particular. He might, thought Mr. Lambarde scornfully, have the Crown jewels secreted inside that room of his, for the trouble he took to prevent other people from taking a look inside. The care he took in drawing the door quickly behind him if he and Mr. Lambarde chanced to step out on the landing at the same moment amounted to an insult. It always made Mr. Lambarde give a snort and step past with the most frozen "Good-day" that ever congealed on human lips. "Good-day!" "Good-night!" That was the extent of their conversation, although Mr. Lambarde and Mr. Borlase had occupied opposite rooms on the top landing for eleven years. Long enough to have made them friends; long enough to establish the mute enmity which was the ruling passion of their lives.

Mr. Lambarde almost held his breath, creeping cat-like up the stairs towards the patch of light which was Mr. Borlase's door. He smiled to himself as he planned what he would do. He would go and stand right in the doorway for a minute, while he said, "Good-night, Borlase!" And he would see the helpless wrath rise in Mr. Borlase's eyes. It would be the greatest triumph he had ever had over Mr. Borlase.

Only five more stairs now; he must be careful—there was that step with the creaky tread; was it two or three from the top? Four more; already the light, slanting from the door, fell across his face. Three; careful, now, careful!

Just as Mr. Lambarde, with the utmost care and circumspection, put his foot on that third step he heard a movement in the room above. Almost before he had time to see it happening, the rectangle of light narrowed swiftly and vanished, leaving him in the dark. The door had not even banged! It had just closed itself, firmly, deliberately, and—he was ready to swear—purposely, as his moment of triumph was at hand.

Mr. Lambarde stood in the dark, panting a little, shaking a little with his anger and disappointment, violently hating Mr. Borlase.

Mr. Borlase stood against his door on the inside, listening. He heard Mr. Lambarde stumble over the top step, heard him groping across the landing to his own door, heard his key rattle in the lock, and the door open and close.

Nosey old beast! The trick had served him right. Mr. Borlase had known he would come creeping up the stairs, trying to get up before the door was shut in his face. It had fallen out exactly as Mr. Borlase had planned; and as he sat down once more, over his gas-fire and his Trollope, he smiled at his enemy's discomfiture.

For eleven years they had lived in the horrid proximity of genteel poverty, on this top floor of a lodging house not very far from Eaton Square. To Mr. Lambarde, this nearness to Eaton Square was a comfort; it consoled him to be able to say to fellows who inquired where he lived—there were not many now to take an interest in Mr. Lambarde's existence—"Oh, just round the corner from Eaton Square." Mr. Borlase did not care about Eaton Square; he despised it, as he despised all reminders of the days when he had known the real London, not the furtive, shabby by-ways he had now come to haunt. He had never given a damn for Eaton Square, because the fellows he had known had not belonged to that tribe of embalmed numskulls which made up the society which Mr. Lambarde had enjoyed.

It would be difficult to say where the two gentlemen's enmity had started. Their arrival at Number 33, Barratt Street, had been as nearly as possible simultaneous; Mr. Borlase actually making his entrance while Mr. Lambarde's boxes, sent in advance through Carter Paterson, were being carried up the stairs. He had thought that day what a foul, seedy, shabby place it was to come to live in; but his days for free choice were over.

They had exchanged a few cold words of recognition on that first evening, when it was practically impossible to ignore each other, as each had his luggage placed on the landing, and each left his door open to have the benefit of the light from his own room. Each conveyed to the other with inarticulate gruntings that the present arrangement was but a temporary affair; Mr. Borlase mumbled of "a little place in the country," while Mr. Lambarde actually committed himself so far as Ebury Street, which, as everyone knows, is "just round the corner," and where, in spite of a superficial squalor, the most refined chambers for gentlemen are situated. "Thought I might as well bring my stuff along with me," he muttered, doing his best to conceal from Mr. Borlase the articles which he was unpacking. "Storage rooks you of your last bean, and it's convenient here for the move on"—to Ebury Street, understood. Mr. Borlase watched, out of the corner of his eye, the odds and ends of furniture which had already been carried into Mr. Lambarde's room. That didn't look like a move on. He had rented his own room furnished;

cartage into the country came expensive, he pointed out; better buy your bits down there, when you found what you wanted.

But when their boxes were empty—each felt that it was rather like the first day of term, in the locker room—each retired thankfully into his own quarters, to mess, with the rest of good-night, his door upon the society of the other. Mysteriously, as such things happen, they had taken an instant dislike to one another, and each was determined, in spite of the inconvenience of their proximity, to have nothing to do with the other.

To begin with, Mr. Lambarde's appearance was abhorrent to Mr. Borlase. He was just the type of seedy dandy whom Mr. Borlase, in his passage through life, had come to distrust. Wine, women, and song were Mr. Borlase's leonine sunning up, as he eyed his neighbour; in which he may or may not have been wrong; it is none of our business to pry into Mr. Lambarde's past. But, to the unprejudiced eye, it must be admitted that Mr. Lambarde presented the picture of a smart, upright old fellow who had fallen on evil days. There was something gentlemanly in the way he put on his shabby clothes that could not fail to impress the beholder with the feeling that Mr. Lambarde had seen some very good days indeed.

And if Mr. Lambarde impressed Mr. Borlase unfavourably, it is certain that Mr. Borlase made no very agreeable impression on Mr. Lambarde, who did not fail to observe, through an apparently negligent eye, that Mr. Borlase had a deplorable hair-cut, that his clothes were spotty, untidy and carelessly put on. He was not, however, precisely surprised to hear Mr. Borlase pronounce his words in an educated manner. A seedy scholar of some kind.

Each was old, tired, poor and disappointed; each saw in the other a too-vivid reminder of what he himself had become. There they were, stuck opposite each other for the remainder of their lives (only too clearly they saw it for themselves) like reflections of themselves in an old mirror; their shabby clothes, their tired faces, their general air of failure flung back on themselves—two old bits of rubbish the world had done with and banished to an attic in Barratt Street. No longer able to keep up their pretence at gentlemanliness by living in the cheapest of service flats, they had come to end their days in a common lodging-house, where there was not even a man to brush their clothes.

Shut up in their dreary little rooms, they might forget that they had come to rot there unseen; they might delude themselves for an hour or two that they were still Mr. Lambarde, with a circle of fashionable acquaintances, and membership of half a dozen clubs; or Mr. Borlase, with a cosy place in the Adelphi and any number of good fellows popping in and out. But the minute they came face to face each knew himself for the thing he had become—a lone old man, whose patience hardly provided him with the necessities of life, whose friends had all died, or were scattered, or had disappeared, because he was no longer in a position to entertain them; with a host of ailments that no one cared about, and a slackening hold on the world which had been such an agreeable place.

And instead of this rousing in them a gentle pity towards one another, it stirred them to hatred, because they resented each other's power to bring these matters plainly before them, and this hatred grew to be the strongest thing in their weakening bodies, so that they were almost thankful of it. It brought a bitter zest into their lives, which were otherwise so directionless; and they would sit like a couple of old wizards, devising petty torments for one another, of which Mr. Borlase's door trick was the most successful.

Once a day a charwoman came to make the beds, to sweep the rooms and carry away the little heaps of rubbish that accumulated from breakfast time onwards; tea-leaves, envelopes, heaps of tobacco ash, old newspapers, bits of food that got left over from the occasional meals the old gentlemen made for themselves. They both breakfasted at home; each had painfully taught himself to do something with eggs and a saucepan, and the scent of their coffee penetrated on to the landing any how—between ten and twelve o'clock. For they had no settled hour for rising—what was the good, when day was as empty as another? If one breakfasted late it was possible to forego the expense of lunch.

No fresh domestic detail belonging to either escaped the portage of Mrs. B's ready tongue.

"It's wonderful how kind folks' friends is to them when it's 'getting on round Christmas,'" she reported, while making Mr. Borlase's bed. "The old gentleman opposite's got his port this morning. I suppose he never passes a glass on to you, sir?"

Mrs. Byng, in common with the rest of the tenants of Number 33, Barratt Street, took a lively interest in the feud between the two old lodgers on the top floor.

"Oh, I can't try it on!" snarled Mr. Borlase. But his brows knit themselves as he remembered an obligation that had fallen on him every Christmas since the first he spent at Barratt Street.

Mr. Lambarde, for all his dereliction, evidently had some friend or relation who, ignoring his existence for the rest of the year, administered a sop to his conscience at Christmas by sending him a bottle of port. Mr. Borlase had come to look for this bottle, a day or two after Christmas, lying on Mr. Lambarde's rubbish heap; he had even heard Mr. Lambarde speak proudly at the landing—"The port's come, it's empty bottle down with you, Mrs. Byng." Anger flared in Mr. Borlase's heart as he thought of the days when his cellar was the envy of all his friends—his cellar he had had to part with at a ruinous loss to settle his debts before leaving the Adelphi for the little service flat, from which, by a gradation of stages, he had arrived at Barratt Street. He was not greedy, but the thought of Mr. Lambarde with a bottle of port tormented him almost as much as the wind itself. Mr. Borlase had never greatly cared for port; a fine claret, or a good, dry sherry were his favourites. But the idea of Mr. Lambarde drinking his port alone, and then ostentatiously putting the bottle forward to him to see, was so ignoble

that it simply turned his brain; and after enduring it for three Christmases, he took his courage in both hands, walked into his wine merchant's, and, to the disconcerting astonishment of the salesman, ordered a bottle of the very best Amontillado sherry!

It was a sinful extravagance, and it meant his cutting down on other things. One of the reasons he remained at Barratt Street had been that there were no servants to tip; Mrs. Byng seemed to be satisfied if one gave her an extra five shillings on Christmas Eve. One could not, for very shame, economise on this; so he halved his tobacco ration, and, sipping his sherry in lonely pride on Christmas night, meditated on whether the deprivation of his pipe was worth the enjoyment of the sherry.

But his true moment of glory came when he deposited his empty bottle outside his door, where he knew it would catch Mr. Lambarde's eye as he went downstairs. He wished it could have remained there for a day or two, but Mrs. Byng knew her duty, and although Mr. Borlase actually opened his door to call out—"Don't bother about the bottle, Mrs. Byng, if you have too much to carry—" Mrs. Byng winked one eye as she replied, "That's all right, sir, things only mounts up if you leave 'em from day to day." He had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Lambarde's door open with the caution of one who does not wish to be overheard, and of knowing that he was peeping at the bottle, whose



He remembered a Christmas he and Roxby had spent very agreeably with the latter's little two girls; he fancied

date Mr. Borlase hoped (Mr. Lambarde was rather shortsighted) he would be able to decipher.

The day before Christmas Eve, Mr. Borlase was returning from his visit to the wine-merchant. He had the usual half-guilty, half-triumphant feeling which followed his annual purchase of the bottle of sherry. His hand had trembled as he pushed the pound note across the counter—he had so much to do with his pound notes, and so terribly few of them to do it with! For the hundredth time he said to himself, "You old fool—to let yourself be driven into wasting your money because you won't be beaten!"

He gave himself an angry little shake as his knees bore him tremblingly into the dark at the head of the stairs. As he shuffled towards his door, something cracked under his feet.

Mr. Borlase struck a match, and bent down to see what he had trodden upon. It was a sprig of holly.

For a moment he could not believe his eyes. Holly—on the top floor of Number 33, Barratt Street! He bent his back stiffly, and picked it up; but almost before the berries had caught the twinkle of the match, he dropped it as though it were red-hot.

Lambarde!—at his tricks again. He had left it there on purpose, of course, to rouse his neighbour's curiosity.

Mr. Borlase walked into his room and slammed the door; he felt like stamping his feet. As if he cared what Lambarde was up to, across the landing! But what the devil had that bit of holly been doing there? Did it—could it—mean that Lambarde was dressing up his room for Christmas? What a piece of fatuity! Mr. Borlase snatched a book from the shelves and slapped it open on the table. He refused flatly to

think of Mr. Lambarde. Yet again and again he found himself reading the same paragraph without having a notion what it was about.

Banging the book's covers together, he looked at his watch. Nearly time to have his pipe. He had had to ration his smoking, and had drawn up for himself a little time-table, from which he prided himself on not departing. Now, although it wanted yet a quarter of an hour to the time appointed for his indulgence, Mr. Borlase strode across the room, filled his pipe, and stood in front of his tiny gas-fire, sucking at the pipe noisily.

Holly! And mistletoe! These things were part of Christmas—like port wine and bottles of sherry. God knows they were cheap enough—and it was worth a few pence to have the spirit of Christmas with one, even in Barratt Street. Even Lambarde had the wit to come to that conclusion. Lambarde—with his port and the holly! Mr. Borlase flushed with anger. He had a savage impulse to stride across the landing, fling open Mr. Lambarde's door and cry—"You needn't think I don't know about your holly! And if you meant me to know, you needn't have troubled to drop his on the landing for me to fall over—old Byng would tell me about it in the morning!"

The pipe almost fell from Mr. Borlase's mouth; he stood very still, staring in front of him. He had had an idea—an outrageous idea.

Should he? Or should he not? And if he did, would not old Lambarde get to know of it, and think he had gone mad?



friend, in a band-box out of Putney. What was her name—Lotty! Fanny! There were those were the names.

He clenched his right hand. Let him think! Ha-ha! It would do Lambarde good to be shocked to his stupid, unimaginative back-bone! He would leave his door open and Lambarde should see! It would be laughable to see his silly expression, to watch his eyes start out of his head. It would be Greek to him—like a sonnet, like a sunset, like any one of a thousand things Mr. Borlase knew about and Mr. Lambarde had never noticed.

Mr. Borlase strode to his bed, turned up the dingy valance, found underneath it an ancient hat-box, which he proceeded to unlock. Then, falling on his knees, he counted his money—the remainder of the annuity which had last hit him until the first of February. There was very little.

Mr. Lambarde sat in front of his gas-fire, with his legs stuck out in front of him and his hands in his pockets, staring at four pieces of holly, which were stuck in a jar on his mantelpiece.

"Tike then, kind gentleman—they're the last of my bunch!" His hand had gone automatically to his pocket, and the scarecrow who had thrust them upon him whimpered something about "And 'ere's another bit for luck, kind gentleman!" Luck, one could do with a bit of that. The lucky bit had gone, he noticed; must have dropped it on his way home. Queer, how things happened that way. Coincidence, you might call it.

Well, here was Christmas round again; he might almost have overlooked it, if it hadn't been for old Roxby's port. Good sort, Roxby. Mr. Lambarde chuckled at the recollection of the bet he had had with Roxby—in '89. "An' if I lose, old man, I'll send you a bottle of port at Christmas as long as you or I are alive!" And Roxby lost—and here was the port. A bottle of port and four sprigs of holly. A bit queer,

when one thought of other Christmases—but one might be worse off. One night, for instance, he like the old curmudgeon opposite, who bought himself a bottle of sherry once a year and muddled it alone. Catch him getting presents of port from anybody! Do unto others as you'd be done by. Mr. Lambarde felt scowling into soliloquy on Mr. Borlase's habits with the door. Old *suine*; if only one could think of something as good as the door trick.

The holly berries snatched him out of his bitter reverie. Mr. Lambarde's thoughts became, we regret to say, ungenerative. He remembered a Christmas which, his family being in Switzerland, he and Roxby had spent very agreeably with the latter's little friend, in a band-box out at Putney. What was her name—Lotty? Fanny? There were two girls; he fancied those were the names. And every vase and ornament was filled with its sprig of holly; and Mr. Lambarde had very gallantly compared the lips of Miss Fanny (or was it Lotty?) with the holly berries! That had been a jolly Christmas. And the *pièce de résistance*—a Christmas tree! The smallest you ever saw, but a glitter from top to bottom with tinsel, and the more expensive of which Mr. Lambarde and his friend were responsible.

A Christmas tree. Mr. Lambarde thought of the many Christmas trees he had known; from the tall and stately conifer, which rose from floor to ceiling of the drawing-room when he was a child, to that tiniest of all specimens at Miss Lotty's (or was it Fanny's?) little house in Putney. A Christmas tree that size could not cost much.

By George!

Mr. Lambarde sat upright with a jerk that cost him a violent rheumatic twinge. Why shouldn't one? It wouldn't run one into more than a shilling or two. And the money would be well spent, if it got old Borlase's gall! Old Borlase—fugging away over his wine in the squalor of his room—let him see that others did not forget the refinements of civilisation at this time of festival. Mr. Lambarde began excitedly to plan how he would sit all the evening with his door wide open, and the tree at his side, drinking a glass of port to the bright eyes of Lotty and Fanny of long ago—where were those bright eyes now? A little shiver trickled down Mr. Lambarde's spine, and he jumped up, to seize pencil and paper and figure out what this gigantic piece of folly would cost him.

Anyone who possesses a sciatic nerve which gives them trouble, will know how undependable and generally detestable are the habits of sciatic nerves. Mr. Borlase's nerve had let him alone for so long that he had almost forgotten its existence. On Christmas Eve Mrs. Byng, making her usual entrance about noon, cried out, "Why, goodness me, sir! Aren't you out of bed yet?"

"—!" returned Mr. Borlase, which was not the answer of a gentleman, but when one has been attempting to drag oneself out of bed for the past three hours, only to be driven back by a pain by comparison with which the claws of red-hot scorpions are a gentle caress, one is apt to mislay one's gentlemanliness. Mrs. Byng hurried to the bedside with genuine sympathy, for she was a kind-hearted woman, and often felt sorry for the "pore ole gents" on the top floor of Number 33. "Christmas an' all!" commiserated Mrs. Byng. "Well, if that ain't 'ard times!"

At the same time her brow knitted, for this meant that she would have to come in on Christmas morning, and she had promised herself and Byng a day off, and they had arranged to go to his sister-in-law's at Croydon. "That's jest what would 'appen," thought Mrs. Byng, who, to do her justice, never thought of deserting poor old Mr. Borlase in his present circumstances.

The day passed in a dull blur of pain and anger; he kept attempting to get up, and each time was beaten back by the pain in his hip joint. He knew that if he managed to drag himself down to the street he would not be able to walk more than a few paces—and as for ascending the five flights to the top floor—it would be out of the question.

All day long the thought of the Christmas tree which he had promised himself tormented him, and the thought of Mr. Lambarde sitting snugly in his room, enjoying the port and the holly, nearly drove him mad. Mrs. Byng had been very anxious to inform Mr. Lambarde of his neighbour's plight, but Mr. Borlase had forbidden her, with such a wealth of profane expletive that Mrs. Byng, torn between admiration (he beat Byng hollow, did ole Mr. B.) and distress, dared not disregard his commands.

He heard Mr. Lambarde go downstairs about one o'clock, and the hands of his watch were pointing to four when he heard him return; heard him stumble over that top step which, at the end of eleven years, still betrayed him. Mr. Borlase, grinning through his pain, waited for Mr. Lambarde to say "Lam!" as he had never failed to do, on each occasion when Mr. Borlase was listening. The "Damn" was a long time coming. Instead, Mr. Borlase heard a deep sigh.

So taken aback was Mr. Borlase that he nearly fell out of bed. Mr. Lambarde's steps went slowly to his own door; he seemed a long time in fitting the key to the lock; the door opened, closed, and a silence deeper than the grave settled down upon the top floor of Number 33.

Mrs. Byng was very kind the next morning. She arrived at nine o'clock, instead of the usual eight, and Mr. Borlase's first hit at himself Merry Christmased (surely an ironical greeting!) before he was properly awake; for the pain had ceased, and, nearly, shortly after dawn, and Mr. Borlase had fallen into a heavy sleep. She had brought him a Christmas card—two robins kissing one another in the snow; the kind of artistic production which set Mr. Borlase's teeth on edge when he saw it in shop windows; but I am glad to say he conquered his prejudices sufficiently to snarl "Thank you!" at Mrs. Byng for her well-meant attention.

She made his breakfast, then produced a covered basket, which she set by the bedside.

"Seeing as you'll not be able to get out to-day, sir, I got a few bits in for you—and you can settle with me when you're about again."

"I hope you haven't been extravagant," grunted Mr. Borlase, whose intention had been to get the cheapest possible meal at a little eating-house which announced that it would be open on Christmas Day. When one has squandered one's money on sherry, one cannot expect seasonable delicacies.

"There's a coupla mince pies, an' a nice slice of cold 'am," said Mrs. Byng, who knew the resources of her employer's pocket nearly as well as she knew her own. "The pies is from me an' Byng, an' the 'am an' eggs won't come to much."

"You needn't have got eggs," muttered Mr. Borlase ungraciously.

"Goodness me, you can't starve!" retorted Mrs. Byng. "Now just you keep yerself nice an' warm, an' I'll pop in this evening to see 'ow you're gettin' on. You've got yer sherry——" said Mrs. Byng, looking round her vainly for any other compensating matter that she might draw to the attention of the old gentleman.

How the day dragged! It was one of those dull, mizzling Christmases with which the climate so often violates tradition. Grey mist pressed against the window; the gas-fire did little to warm the room; under the bedclothes Mr. Borlase shivered. Towards two o'clock, when he had had his ham and one of the mince pies, the landlord, informed by Mrs. Byng of his lodger's disablement, came up to inquire; but his visit was no pleasure to Mr. Borlase, who felt, behind his visitor's solicitude, a too clear apprehension that the old chap was sicker than he thought,

and chalky-green, and tallow-coloured, each tipped with its little bud of light, chained to each other by loops of tinsel; little coloured balls and bells weighing down the fragile branches—that was how he had intended it should be. One could get plenty of coloured oddments at the sixpenny stores.

But the room was grey and cold. There was nothing to look at—anywhere—that did not hurt the eye and depress the heart.

Presently Lambarde would be coming back! That gave one something to do: the door trick! If one couldn't annoy Lambarde with one's Christmas tree, there remained the door.

Ignoring his twinges, Mr. Borlase crawled out of bed; the floor struck a damp chill to his bare feet; he felt with his toes for his carpet slippers. He had gone to bed in his old brown dressing-gown, for extra warmth; it fell round him loosely as he hobbled across the room to light the gas.

God! How hideous the room was! The yellow gas-light flared about it, displaying the damp patches on the paper, the threadbare carpet, and cheap oddments of furniture. He had always been ashamed of it; ashamed to let anyone see that he lived in such a piggish style; especially Lambarde, with his own bits of furniture in the room opposite.

Now he would set the door ajar and listen for Lambarde; and just as he got to that creaking third step he would close it! His whole being drew itself into a sharp point of anticipation. Once again to annoy Lambarde! The only thing worth doing in the day. Mr. Borlase suddenly felt a very lonely old man.

There was Lambarde! Mr. Borlase, crouched behind his door, gave a sob of excitement . . .

But to-night something went wrong.

To begin with, there was no pause; then, as Mr. Lambarde drew nearer, it was evident that he was not taking the least trouble not to make a noise. His feet clopped and slithered on the linoleum; now and again he stubbed a toe. Mr. Borlase stole a look of curiosity round the door. He saw the top of Mr. Lambarde's well-brushed hat; his hand was on the door-knob. And he found he could not shut the door.

He stood there as though hypnotised, while Mr. Lambarde stumbled over the top step, as usual; waiting for him to say "Damn." And Mr. Lambarde did not say "Damn." He just drew himself upright, very wearily, and looked at Mr. Borlase, not in surprise, but as though it was customary for Mr. Borlase to stand at the top of the stairs, looking out for him. It gave Mr. Borlase a queer feeling of not being there at all. And as he looked at Mr. Lambarde's thin, grey, weary face, he thought—"I'm not like that! Even though I've got sciatica and I've had no Christmas dinner and I haven't got my Christmas tree, I'm NOT like that!" And suddenly he was speaking to Mr. Lambarde; words for which he did not seem accountable; words that seemed to come through his lips from somewhere far away.

"I wondered," said Mr. Borlase stiffly, "if you would care to take a glass of sherry with me, in honour of the season?"

He watched suspiciously for a look of astonishment in Mr. Lambarde's eyes, but the old gentleman gave no sign; he just stood there, panting a little after his long climb.

"Many thanks," said Mr. Lambarde, with an equal stiffness. "If you will just allow me time to remove my coat—it's unpleasant out of doors."

"It's confoundedly unpleasant indoors," growled Mr. Borlase, shuffling back to his fireside. Hang the fellow; he might have shown some sign of appreciation! Took it as a matter of course—as if he and I were hobnobbing every night of our lives! Must see this isn't allowed to establish a precedent.

But he was very busy all the same, getting his bottle of sherry out of the cupboard, and peering into the glasses to see if they were clean; Mrs. Byng's methods with glasses were open to suspicion. He peered into the jar which held his tobacco; could he afford to offer Lambarde a pipe? Probably he didn't smoke one—Mr. Borlase hoped he did not. While he was hobbling about, trying to pull the bedclothes into seemliness over his couch, Mr. Lambarde

returned. He made a formality of knocking, although the door stood wide open. "Fellow's a gentleman," thought Mr. Borlase, as he snapped: "Come in—come in."

"I hoped," said Mr. Lambarde, "in consideration of the season, I might be allowed to make a little contribution to the entertainment. I happened to have a bottle of port by me——"

"Lucky dog!" grunted Mr. Borlase.

"And—hrrum!" said Mr. Lambarde, producing his left hand from behind his back with a deprecatory air—"I trust you will excuse—customary at this time of year—rather jolly to see it about." With which



He stood there as though hypnotised, while Mr. Lambarde stumbled over the top step, as usual. "I wondered," said Mr. Borlase stiffly "if you would care to take a glass of sherry with me, in honour of the season?"

and the hope that he would not cause an upset by dying. Deaths did no good to a house.

"'Adn't you better see the doctor?"

"No!" snapped Mr. Borlase. "If you will allow me, I will go to sleep."

But he did not sleep. He lay awake, thinking of Mr. Lambarde going out for his Christmas luncheon, and of the Christmas tree which he had intended to get. Now that it was growing dusk he would have lighted its little candles, and lain in bed, watching their gentle glow. One of the loveliest things on earth, a Christmas tree. Candles—magenta-pink,

inarticulation he placed on the mantelshef the jar with the four sprigs of holly in it. "Hope you don't object," said Mr. Lambarde, with a stiff little bow.

"———!" exploded Mr. Borlase. "Take no notice of me; take no notice of me. Siddown. It's my confounded leg—been driving me mad for two days."

"Gout?" said Mr. Lambarde, with politely raised eyebrows, and a dubious glance at his bottle of port. If would be a piece of luck if, after all, the old fellow daren't take it.

"Gout be damned!" retorted Mr. Borlase. "I've lived decently, and my people before me. Sciatica. If it hadn't been for this . . . sciatica, I'd have been out. I'd have got meself—a Christmas tree!"

earth should a fellow like *Lambarde* want with a Christmas tree? If Mr. Lambarde had replied to this question with strict regard to truth, he would have told Mr. Borlase that he had tramped the King's Road in search of a tree small enough to suit his pocket. All the little ones had been sold; there were only six- and eight-foot monsters, costing as many shillings, for his choice. Worn out in body and soul, he had given it up, after a five-hour search. But he was not going to admit this to Mr. Borlase; so he said, with a fine show of indifference:

"Couldn't come across anything suitable—that's why."

"Oh, you couldn't, couldn't you?" said Mr. Borlase. The wine gurgled golden into the glasses; Mr. Borlase raised his towards his guest.



The golden sunlight of Spain poured itself into two old, frozen bodies, acting as an emollient on two old, crusty hearts. . . . "We'll each pretend we've got a Christmas tree, and we'll tell each other what we're hanging on it! Only no copying—see?"

He finished lowering himself into a chair, and glared defiance at Mr. Lambarde.

"Well, well; if that isn't odd," said Mr. Lambarde, seating himself opposite, and setting to work on the seal of his bottle. "I meant to have a Christmas tree myself."

"What!" bellowed Mr. Borlase.

"Only a small one, of course. Anything ambitious—out of place—here," said Mr. Lambarde, waving the corkscrew with a gesture that implied he had only to take his pick of a dozen Christmas trees, if he cared about it.

"And why didn't you?" sneered Mr. Borlase. He did not believe in Mr. Lambarde's Christmas tree. He had invented it on the spur of the minute, because he would not be bettered by himself, Borlase. What on

"Your health, sir!"

"Permit me to return the compliment," said Mr. Lambarde, with his little old-fashioned bow. They drank solemnly; Mr. Borlase was pleased to see his guest lick his lips. Oh, yes, he could choose a sherry. Confoundedly good wine; this had bouquet. "Have another." The golden sunlight of Spain poured itself into two old, frozen bodies, acting as an emollient on two old, crusty hearts.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Borlase suddenly, "We'll have a game." He gave an awkward little laugh. "We'll each pretend we've got a Christmas tree, and we'll tell each other what we're hanging on it! Only no copying—see? Each thing to be different; the one who gets the best variety wins." Mr. Lambarde grinned rather bashfully; imagination was not his strong point; but the sherry made him willing

[Continued on page 49.]



Watch that new, resplendent Morris coming quietly through the traffic, pausing silently at the theatre's entrance. The gay surrounding lights dance upon curved domed wings, brilliant chromium parts, polished bodywork. A smart car, is she not? You catch a sudden glimpse of a rich interior, warm with leatherwork and ingenious with fittings. A smart car, yes, a luxurious car almost—but not by any means a costly car. Rather the reverse. And that is where a Morris so fully satisfies you—satisfies your natural pride as owner, satisfies the strict injunctions of your purse.

The Morris 1934 range includes:— Minor from £110; Ten-Four from £165; Ten-Six (£12 tax) from £180; Cowley-Four from £195; Cowley-Six from £215; Oxford from £285; Isis from £350; and Morris '25' from £385 ex works. Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford.

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First Christmas Plays



The First Christmas Crib



Early Christmas Games



Gathering the mistletoe

TRADITIONS THAT MAKE CHRISTMAS WHAT IT IS.

Here, told in pictures, is the story of ancient happenings and legends which initiated familiar Christmas customs. St. Nicholas, patron saint of children and the original Santa Claus, rode on a white ass with his bundle of gifts. The legend of the Ashen Faggot tells how St. Joseph kindled a bright fire of ash wood at the Nativity. Devonshire people still burn an ash log at Christmas. The Christmas Tree came from Germany, where Martin Luther is said to have been the first to decorate a fir with candles, symbolising the stars. Carol-singers descend from old-time minstrels and strolling players, while the mediæval jester was the forerunner of the modern clown. The first Crib is attributed to St. Francis of Assisi, as part of a Christmas play. "Hoodman Blind," of course, is now known as "Blind Man's Buff." The last picture recalls the use of mistletoe by the Druids.



MANFRED'S DESCENT TO AHRIMAN'S FIERY REALM.

Count Manfred, the magician hero of Byronic drama, dwelt amid Alpine solitudes, and sold himself to the powers of darkness. When the Lady Astarte, his beloved sister, was slain, he sought her in the nether abode of Arimanes, that enemy of mankind, whom Zoroaster taught the Persians to call by the name of Ahriman. Having descended to his fiery realm, past the serpents and toads that disputed his way, Manfred found the demon seated "on a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits." The shade of Astarte, being summoned and bidden by the Count to disclose his future life, told him that the morrow would end his earthly ills. And so it was, for on the next day the Spirit of his Destiny appeared to him, and, albeit he dismissed it with scorn, straightway thereafter he died.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUSTAV ADOLF MOSSA, INSPIRED BY BYRON'S DRAMATIC POEM, "MANFRED."



Ghost: If only I had a body to put it in!

The Body-Building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific tests on human beings to be from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.



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It is sold the World over and keeps its brilliance and fine flavour everywhere, in any climate and under any conditions.



WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

THE GREEN LADY OF LACINGS.

(Continued from Page 16.)

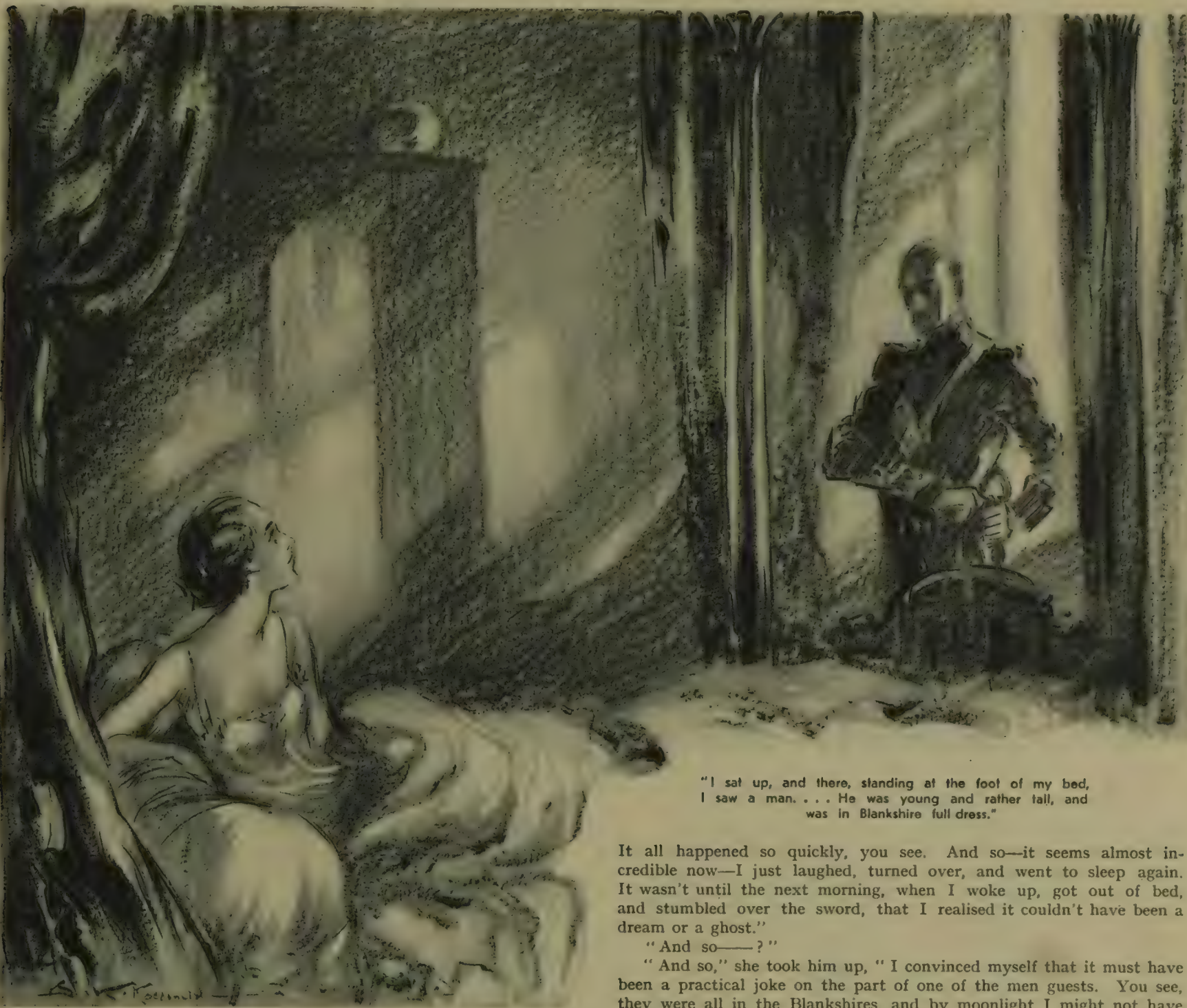
chimney. You know the one." She waited for a moment, because John Lacey had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down before the fire.

On a sudden he had been filled with a most unreasonable dread. Surely Anne couldn't be going to mention *that*? No, no, it wasn't possible—hadn't happened for generations. And yet, it seemed all at once that his solid, Victorian home, placed as it was in the most

and all his muscles seemed to brace themselves against—I don't know what. I heard him give an almost despairing sigh. It sounded like a cry for help. He covered his face with his arm, and then rushed—simply flung himself—out of the room."

"What did you do then?" There was a huskiness in John Lacey's voice which disturbed her.

"Well," she went on, a little timidly now, "after he had gone out of the room, slamming the door, I began to think. I suppose it was foolish of me, but I hate the dramatic, and wouldn't admit the possibility of ghosts. I decided that I must have been dreaming



"I sat up, and there, standing at the foot of my bed, I saw a man. . . . He was young and rather tall, and was in Blankshire full dress."

It all happened so quickly, you see. And so—it seems almost incredible now—I just laughed, turned over, and went to sleep again. It wasn't until the next morning, when I woke up, got out of bed, and stumbled over the sword, that I realised it couldn't have been a dream or a ghost."

"And so—?"

"And so," she took him up, "I convinced myself that it must have been a practical joke on the part of one of the men guests. You see, they were all in the Blankshires, and by moonlight I might not have recognised who it was. At any rate, that is what I wanted to believe, so I made myself believe it. Then I had an idea. If someone had played a joke on me, I would return the compliment. I would keep the sword, and the guilty man would have to ask me for it before he left Lacings."

"And no one did?"

"Exactly. No one did. And therefore, in a fit of—well, frivolity, I took the sword away with me. After all, no one seemed to have a better right to than I. A year later you introduced me to your son, Julian, and at once I recognised him as the man who had come into my room that night."

John Lacey raised his head, and she was at once shocked and intimidated by the expression on his face.

"Did you tell him all this?" he asked.

"No."

"Why not?" His voice, at least, was very gentle.

Anne's smile was almost an apology. It seemed so absurd now to think that she had ever been afraid to tell Julian anything. "You see," she answered him, "Julian is so very 'clean and English,' if you know what I mean. And his ideas about women are like that, too. I was shy of mentioning the subject at first. Then, when we fell in love, I was afraid it might cause a misunderstanding, and when we were married it seemed too late. He didn't mention it himself, and I took his lead."

"Until yesterday?"

Anne nodded. Once again it was becoming an effort to be calm. "We were turning out the attic cupboards to find an old hunting print which he particularly wanted, and—and we came across the sword. . . ." She was crying now without restraint. "He—he seemed to

respectable quarter of London, had lost something of its innate security. Ridiculous! Mustn't get thinking things in one's old age—and he not yet sixty.

But Anne, unaware of the fears she had aroused in him, was continuing with growing confidence. "I undressed," she was saying, "got into bed, and went straight to sleep. I suppose that I must have been tired after the Ball the night before. I slept very soundly." For a moment she hesitated. How was she to make him understand that on that occasion she had been calmness itself? There had been no question of hysteria or delusion then. "It must have been about three o'clock"—she was speaking her words with great deliberation—"that I woke because I *felt* that somebody was in the room. I sat up, and there, standing at the foot of my bed, I saw a man. I could just see his face, because the curtains were drawn back and there was a moon. He was young and rather tall, and was in Blankshire full-dress. I wasn't in the least frightened, but I was so astonished that I just couldn't open my mouth. He was staring and staring at me, and I thought for a moment that he was walking in his sleep. But, then again, I wasn't so sure. People don't sleep-walk in uniform, do they? And he—he was looking at me so queerly, as though—" In spite of herself, Anne blushed.

John Lacey was muttering something which she could not hear, but she was well into her story now and determined to continue to the end. "He began to unbuckle his sword-belt," she went on, "and laid it beside the foot of the bed. He seemed terribly upset, as though he were wrestling with some great temptation. I fancied I saw the sweat shining on his forehead. Then, quite suddenly, he drew himself up

become a completely different Julian—the Julian of that first night, wrestling with some ghastly trouble that I couldn't understand. He was shaking—and cruel with anger—I think it was because he was afraid. 'Where did you get this?' He said it just like that. I was terribly upset. I tried to tell him. He—he didn't seem to realise what I was talking about; just gave me back the sword and stood up. He was white, deathly white, and seemed somehow to look years older. 'That night I was in great torment,' he said, and went—went away. He hasn't come back. I can't—I can't go on without him.' She was fighting desperately now to check her sobs. "Please, please tell me what



"You don't mean, you can't mean, that it was his ghost I saw that night?"

I ought to do. If he thought it all so important, why didn't he mention it himself when we were first married? Why——"

"Because, Anne, dear," Lacey interrupted her, "he didn't know."

"Didn't know?"

He looked at his young daughter-in-law and was conscious of a feeling of regret—sickening regret. She was so very sweet; so very feminine, in the best sense of the word. It wasn't fair that she should be mixed up in all this. "Anne, dear, try and understand. He didn't see you that night at Lacings. He had never seen you until I introduced you to him."

"You don't mean," she spoke almost in a whisper, "you can't mean that it was his ghost I saw that night?"

"No. It was the thing that Julian saw—the thing in bed beside you—that was the ghost."

II.

For a moment Anne stared at him without understanding. What was he saying? Gradually she became aware of the significance of it. No, no, not that! It was too horrible. She covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out the thought. "No! No! It isn't true. I didn't see anything. It isn't true."

He waited for a moment until she should become calm again. Had it been wise to break it to her so brutally? he wondered. He was wont to pride himself on his tact, but it was difficult to reassure her when she herself had destroyed his own sense of security—his belief in the "matter-of-factness" of modern life. "Anne," he pleaded, "I want you to try and face it. I know it's horrible. You've heard of ghosts and ghouls and goblins—who hasn't? You've thought of them as amusing tales,

haven't you? You hear that such-and-such a place is haunted. The idea stimulates your imagination. You may shiver, but in fact you enjoy it. But, so far, it's never affected you personally, has it? You've never sat down and thought what it would be like if your own house was haunted, your own family cursed. It's never been brought home to you, nor to the many, who listen to or read about ghost-stories for amusement." His voice held a fine sarcasm. "Perhaps," he continued more gently, "you may even have asked people about their family ghost, and wondered why they wouldn't talk. Has it ever occurred to you, Anne, that they may have been horribly, dreadfully afraid of it? And it is horrible because you can't ever get away." He sighed. "You can bolster up your courage with science and refuse to believe. You can go to church or you can go dancing; but, go home at night, alone, to the house which you can't sell, and believe in science then, if you dare."

The intensity of his voice carried conviction. She waited, breathless, on his word.

"It all goes back," he continued, with a calmness which he was far from feeling, "to—I think it was the fourteenth century. The Lacey of that day was married to a very beautiful woman indeed. But, in spite of her beauty, he seems to have tired of her. At any rate, the fact remains that he sought an annulment of the marriage in order to wed another lady of his fancy—from whom, incidentally, we are descended. The Church, however—and it was generally pretty easy-going in those days—showed an unusual integrity in the matter; wouldn't grant the annulment, either on the grounds of consanguinity or non-consummation. Well, the Lacey of the time was a complete blackguard, and out to get rid of his wife. He trumped up some charge of witchcraft and sorcery, brought false evidence to convict her, and handed her over to the sheriff to be burned—with all the usual ceremonies and festivities that attended witch-burning in those days." John Lacey's attempt at humour was a trifle forced. "Then," he went on, "according to the old chronicler, as the flames began to touch her she is reputed to have cried out——" He paused in an effort of memory. "Yes, I think I've got it; goes something like this—

Witch was I never, but in faith
I will return as fiendish wraith,
That shall sit starkly in thy bedde
And anon the living shall lie with the dead.
Round Christmas, once in each hundred years,
Lacey shall render me with tears
His gentlest son, as paramour,
To sleep with me and wake no more."

John Lacey was trying to light a cigarette, but his hand was shaking to the extent that he could not hold the match steady. It was absurd that the mere repetition of that old rhyme could so move him. But Anne was staring. He must pull himself together.

"What did she mean?" questioned his daughter-in-law, in some bewilderment. "Did she mean that she would come back?"

"She does come back." He sighed. "She's quite often seen, but only by the men of the family. As far as the women are concerned, she simply doesn't exist. Then, once in each hundred years, she claims her lover. It doesn't happen regularly. Sometimes it happens at the end of one century, and again at the beginning of the next, but never twice in the same hundred years. It isn't always the eldest son, either, but it's always the most beloved. And, strangely enough, it always happens round about Christmas Eve—the day, or so the old chroniclers have it, on which she was burned."

"What happens?" Anne could not help shivering.

For a while her father-in-law did not answer. He leant against the mantelpiece, and watched the smoke of his cigarette curl upwards in an ever-twisting spiral. It seemed to wreath itself about the portrait of Julian, almost, he thought, as the smoke of lighted faggots might have coiled itself about the helpless body of a woman. He threw his cigarette into the fire. "Well, what I know is only what I learnt from my father, and he from his father before him. You see, it hasn't happened since the beginning of the nineteenth century. So it's just about due now. . . .

"According to tradition," he continued, after a little while, "the son of the house is seized by a tremendous urge to go and see the tower room; to get near it; to be in it. He goes because he can't help himself, and there he sees the Green Lady of Lacings. She is supposed to be more beautiful than one's wildest dreams, with a halo of green light surrounding her. If he yields to his temptation, then indeed 'he wakes no more.'"

"Can't—can't anything be done?"

John Lacey shook his head. "My dear, do you suppose we haven't tried? The Lacey of that day didn't understand exactly how the curse would work, but he jolly well knew that something was up, and was terrified. He moved out of the Keep, and had the door of the tower blocked in. But eventually they found him dead in the tower room. He had climbed up and in through the great open chimney. They found

him—it was Christmas morning—lying face downwards on the bed. They broke up and utterly destroyed the furniture. They brought down priests to exorcise whatever was in the room. No man of the family was ever allowed to go near it. It makes no difference." He sighed. "Short of destroying the room—in which case the whole Keep would fall, and you can't do that under the present Trust Laws—there's nothing to be done. And so, ever since my grandfather's time, we've had the place open, and have let the women sleep there. You see, it doesn't affect them, and we hoped that perhaps the room might develop a more healthy atmosphere."

"You mean——" Anne was sitting up in her chair. "You mean that on the night he came into my room he saw the Green Lady?"

"I'm afraid so. He's never actually told me himself, but I feel sure that is what must have happened. He probably motored down late that night, without bothering to change or let us know that he was coming. For some reason which we shall never understand, he went to the tower room, and there he saw the Green Lady. He must have been very near death. In fact—myself, I am certain—it was your intervening presence only which saved him." John Lacey hesitated. He wanted to make her feel his immense gratitude, but it seemed so fatuous to thank her for having saved her husband's life. "Anyway," he went on, "something must have given him a last chance, and without waiting to retrieve his sword, he just got out as best he could, went straight back to London, and sent us that telegram the next morning."

"Julian! Oh, my poor Julian!" She was no longer distressed on her own account. "And so he never saw me that night at all. He saw only the Green Lady?"

"He had never consciously seen you until I introduced you. I'm quite certain of that."

"And yesterday, when he saw the sword?" She was growing excited.

"My dear, think how it must have brought back to him the horror of that night. I don't suppose he understands even now how you came to possess the thing. He's probably puzzled and miserable, and has gone off on his own to try and forget."

"I wish he had let me know where he was going. Now that I understand, I might be able to help him." Anne was still a little worried. "I don't like the idea of his being alone and miserable. Where could he have gone?"

Then, on a sudden, she gave a little cry. She was wildly pointing at—what? He didn't understand—the calendar on his desk?

"The date! The date! Don't you see? The twenty-fourth of December—*Christmas Eve!*"

III.

Always, afterwards, Anne was to be surprised that it took only three hours to reach Lacings by car, because on that day the journey seemed to drag on quite endlessly. And, sitting beside her father-in-law, there was nothing to do but think. Would they be in time? And even if, after all, they weren't too late, would they be able to save him? But already in Anne's mind there was forming a plan.

It was growing dark, but the moon was beginning to rise. Why couldn't they go faster? Whoever had talked about the fullness should have called it the heaviness of time.

The park gates at last—after what seemed like years. The trees along the drive stood out like black, sinister figures, silhouetted against the mists which were rising from the damp earth.

With a screeching of brakes, the car came to a halt before the house. Quicker-footed than the father, she was already ahead of him, running—running breathlessly—across the hall, along endless passages. She was panting now, and in the darkness she nearly missed the door of the tower. She could hear John Lacey's heavy footsteps coming on behind. Up the steep, winding stairs she ran—almost staggered. Then, blindly, her hand was fumbling to find the latch, and with a grinding of rusty hinges the door gave open.

"Julian!" For a moment she hesitated there on the threshold, and for that second time did indeed seem to stand still. By the strong light of the moon she saw the tall figure of her husband standing at the foot of the bed, and he was staring at something which she could not see!

One second more in which to steady herself, for it was with her mind now that she must fight for him, and then she had thrown herself between him and what lay there on the bed. Calm—be calm. She must have strength, strength to compel him to obey. He was staring through her—beyond her.

"Look at me, Julian—at *me!*" (Her lips were motionless; her words thought, but unspoken.) "Focus your eyes, Julian! Look at what is nearer to you. Not so far away; look nearer to you, Julian!"

For what seemed like hours she forced her mind to that one thought, and held it there by the sheer strength of her will. And then, very slowly, just as the two cross-beams of a searchlight pick out a 'plane in the sky and follow it towards earth, so did the focus of his eyes follow her



"She saw the tall figure of her husband . . . staring at something which she could not see."

command. She watched his pupils contract. The minutes passed. She did not dare to speak. And then, quite suddenly, he saw her.

"Anne!"

"Julian!" She was dimly aware of holding him in her arms, that he was safe, and that John Lacey was standing in the doorway. But she was not conscious of anything very clearly, for, by some strange interchange of thought, in that last supreme effort of her will she, Anne, had herself seen the Green Lady of Lacings. [THE END.]

THE "LIVRE D'AMIS" OF MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

(Continued from Page 27.)

It is interesting to note that the poet's views on matrimony are in complete accord with those expressed by the Queen in a letter which she wrote to her lover, Champvallon, in 1578. "Ah, no, let it not be said that marriages are made in heaven, the gods do not commit so great an injustice." Marguerite's own marriage was certainly disastrous enough to warrant the expression of such sentiments. An ardent Catholic, she was coerced into wedlock with a man who was not only physically repugnant to her, but whom she regarded as a heretic. It is not surprising, therefore, that the union proved an unhappy one, though, by ignoring each other's infidelities, and pursuing a policy of mutual tolerance, Henri of Navarre and his wife remained reasonably good friends for some time. During the reigns of her two brothers, Charles IX. and Henri III., Marguerite was involved in a succession of Court intrigues; sometimes scheming for her husband, and sometimes for her beloved younger brother, the Duc d'Alençon.

By 1576, relations between the royal pair were strained; Henri left his wife without bidding her good-bye, and returned from Paris to his native Gascony. A year later Catherine de' Medici effected a reconciliation, and Marguerite rejoined her husband in the South. At Nérac, the capital of the Kingdom of Navarre, she attracted round her a gallant and cultured society, with the result that the Court of Navarre became famous all over Europe for its learning, its luxury, and its licentiousness. Here she remained till 1582, when the events of three stormy years altered the whole course of her life. Navarre's support of the persecutions of Catholics drove her to Paris, where she met with a hostile reception from her brother, Henri III. By 1585 she was desperate, in fear of her life from the jealousy of Corisande, her husband's mistress; and, driven on by anger and religious sentiment, she planned to prevent him from succeeding to the crown of France on the death of Henri III. She collected troops, and, making her headquarters at Agen, she flung in her lot with the League and the champions of Catholicism, thus declaring open revolt against both her husband and her brother.

Misfortune pursued her. The citizens of Agen rebelled against her, and she was forced to flee to Carlat. But Carlat proved no place of refuge for this unhappy lady. Its Governor, Lignerac, became insanely jealous of the Queen's *amant de cœur*, d'Aubiac, whom he threatened to fling from the castle walls. Marguerite's entreaties saved her lover's life, which, however, was spared only on condition that he left Carlat immediately. Rather than lose him, she decided to accompany him at the risk of her own safety. This resolution proved disastrous, and the lovers were captured at Ibois by the Marquis de Canillac, who had received orders for their arrest from Henri III. D'Aubiac was executed, and Marguerite was imprisoned in the Castle of Usson, with Canillac as her gaoler. He soon succumbed to her charms, and, from being a prisoner, she became the virtual *châtelaine* of Usson. During the years which followed, she observed from her watch-tower above the plain of Limagne the storms of civil war, the fall of the League, the assassination of Henri III., and the accession of her husband to the throne of France.

In 1594 Henri IV. approached her with a view to obtaining her consent to a divorce, as he was anxious to secure an heir. Marguerite had been disinherited by her mother, and found herself in debt. She determined to make the King pay heavily for his wishes. After much discussion, suitable terms were made, and Marguerite consented to an annulment of her marriage. The negotiations with the Papacy were prolonged; and the marriage was not declared null and void till 1599. Both parties were pleased by the arrangement, and a year later Henri married Marie de' Medici. Marguerite was on excellent terms with her successor, and the royal children, who were devoted to her, gave her the pet name of "*Maman ma fille*."

We now come to that period in her life when this "*Livre d'Amis*" was compiled. In 1604 the Queen was still at Usson. During her years of retirement she spent much of her time reconstructing the castle and rebuilding the chapel. She also devoted herself to study, and assembled a magnificent library. Her literary tastes were widespread. The catalogue of her books includes works on history, philosophy, and theology, in French and Latin, and the poetry of Dante and Petrarch, as well as the

verse of contemporary French writers. In France, ravaged by civil war, there was no refuge for those who pursued the arts, and they found the peace and the encouragement they needed at Usson, where the gracious *châtelaine* was always ready to welcome men of taste and letters. To her tiny Court came Scaliger, Brantôme, her old friend and platonic lover, and the three famous brothers, the d'Urfés. The eldest of them, Anne d'Urfé, dedicated his fifth book of "*Hymnes*" to the Valois Princess, and homage is paid to her by Honoré, the second brother, in his "*Epistres Moraux*."

At Usson, Marguerite wrote her "*Mémoires*," and composed verses which she sang to her own accompaniment on the lute. In 1604 she ennobled a handsome young Provençal called Dat with the Seigneurie of St. Julien, in Lauragais: he was called "The servant of the heart," and accompanied her to Paris in 1605. Her petition to return to the capital after an absence of nineteen years was granted by Henri IV., and she took up her residence at the Hôtel de Sens. Her return was clouded by tragedy, for St. Julien was shot on his way to visit her by Vermont, a lad of eighteen, the son of Marguerite's closest friend. Jealousy was the alleged motive for his crime, and he paid for his presumption with his life. The Queen ordered his execution, and, having witnessed his death, she left the ill-omened Hôtel de Sens the same day. The love of Marguerite brought death and disaster to many of her adorers. La Molle and d'Aubiac were executed; Bussy narrowly escaped assassination; and St. Julien and the nameless young apothecary of Carlat were murdered by jealous rivals. The Queen never ceased to mourn her dead lovers, and it is said that she caused their hearts to be embalmed and enshrined in caskets of gold which she kept in the pockets of her farthingale. It is possible that one illustration in her "*Livre d'Amis*" alludes to this custom.

After the death of St. Julien, whose place in her affections was taken by a young man called Bajaumont, Marguerite retired to her country house at Issy. The illustration to "The Nobleman" and "The Lady" on page 28 probably represents the castle and garden of this retreat, called "The Little Olympus." Here many fêtes and entertainments were held, but, finding the house too small for her requirements, the Queen built herself another palace in Paris, on the bank of the Seine, opposite the Louvre. Her receptions were magnificent, and Herbert Cherbury, an English

traveller who visited her in 1608, writes: "At the Court of Queen Marguerite I witnessed many ballets and masquerades." This fact is of interest, as one of the entries in the "*Livre d'Amis*" describes such an entertainment, and the illustration (given on this page) shows the players, and the small wooden stage on which they performed.

Of the famous "*Pléiade*"—that constellation of poetic stars—not one remained in 1605, and Marguerite filled their places with her household poets, Bouteroue and Vidal d'Audiguier. It is very probable that their pens inscribed the verses in this book; and the third handwriting may possibly be attributed to Francis Maynard, who was Marguerite's secretary for three years. The Queen admired his gifts so much that she would often give him rough copies of her own ideas to arrange and put into verse. Le Pays recounts that she was in the habit of saying: "Maynard is an excellent goldsmith who can most admirably perform the setting of gems." Since compilers of keepsake books often include their own verses with those of their friends, it is not unlikely that some of Marguerite's "gems" have been preserved in the pages of her "*Livre d'Amis*." The illustrations

are unsigned, but they would appear to be all by the same hand. It has been difficult to choose from the twenty-one little pictures, each one of which has its own particular interest and charm; but the reproductions (on pages 28 and 29) are a representative selection, and serve to show the quaintness and delicacy of the whole collection. The translator has endeavoured to reproduce the delightful *naïveté* of the verses in English of the same period.

Marguerite de Valois died in 1615, and, like her whole life, her last years were divided between the love of God and man. She endowed a monastery, and erected a temple of Love at Issy in honour of her last flame, the poet Villars. A great lady and a great lover, she practised the art of living splendidly, and all her adventures, follies, and extravagances are atoned for by a certain magnificence of spirit which sets them above the petty self-indulgence of the world in which she moved.

"*Aimer et penser: c'est la vie véritable des esprits*." Voltaire might well have written these words for La Reine Margot; no summary of her *credo* could have been more apt.



MARGUERITE DE VALOIS: THE FAMOUS QUEEN OF NAVARRE AND ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE "LIVRE D'AMIS" ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER.

From a Drawing by Clouet.



PROBABLY ONE OF THE "BALLETES AND MASQUERADES" AT THE COURT OF MARGUERITE DE VALOIS: AN ENTERTAINMENT ON THE PRIVATE STAGE AT HER PALACE.

The scene is a court of love at which Venus sits in judgment with Cupid beside her, between Pallas and Diana. The cause at issue is that of a lady seeking to choose among four suitors—an advocate, a soldier, a merchant, and a gentleman. In the foreground is the figure of Time, to whom allusion is made in the poem that accompanies the picture in the "*Livre d'Amis*."

Reproduced from an Illustration to a Poem in the "*Livre d'Amis*" of Marguerite de Valois. (See also pages 27, 28 and 29).



*From
Generation to Generation —
Dewar's*

"all the
makings
of a merry
party"



Mackintosh's
Everybody's Favourites

THE BATTLE OF THE TREES.—(Continued from p. 37.)

to humour his host, and the port was yet to follow. He cleared his throat.

"Well——! But, I say——! Well—how big 's the tree, to start with? That makes a difference, you know?"

"We'll take a ten-foot tree as the unit," said Mr. Borlase grandly. "Go on—you start."

"Here—but—I say! Who're we dressing the tree for? I mean—is it a kids' party—or what?"

"For everyone we've ever known and cared for," said Mr. Borlase, and raised his glass again. "God bless 'em—wherever they are!"

"God bless 'em, wherever they are," echoed Mr. Lambarde, and having drunk, appeared to lapse into a brown study, in which, one may be fairly sure, the bright eyes of Lotty and Fanny twinkled with a renewed light.

"Get on," said Mr. Borlase irascibly.

"Well, I suppose I'd start off with candles," said Mr. Lambarde. "Pretty feeble—what? But——"

"Rotten," agreed Mr. Borlase. "We take all that for granted; candles and tinsel and coloured balls and the angel on the top of the tree. See here: I'll start. A pearl necklace!" cried Mr. Borlase; and raised his glass to the very loveliest of the ghosts.

"By Gad!" cried Mr. Lambarde. "I'll tell you what! One of those awfully sporting what-is-its that women used to wear in their hair at night. You know—like a bunch of little stars, twinkly about the edges—trimmed with——"

"That's enough," said Mr. Borlase. "Descriptions barred. See here; I'll write all the things down on paper. Pearls. Hair ornament. A shagreen mirror."

Towards midnight, Mrs. Byng, keeping her word, mounted the stairs towards the top floor. She and Byng had had a merry Christmas at Croydon; they had wanted her to stay later, but old Mr. Borlase was on her mind, and she had resisted pressure on his account. Still, she had had a merry Christmas; she was full of peace and good will, and, to use her own expression, just a little bit tiddley, as she climbed the stairs of Number 33.

"I'll bet no one's bin near 'im since I went 'ome; 'eathens they are, in this place. Goodness me, 'ow these ole stairs do rock about! Trip to Sa'thend wasn't in it!" Giggling a little, Mrs. Byng stood still, to get her bearings.

Somebody was having a merry Christmas, and *no* mistake! It would be those third-floor fronts; rowdy lot—never thought of anybody but themselves. Sounded as if someone was catching it 'ot, as well. That's the way! Some folks isn't enjoying themselves unless they finish up with a row.

Yet, as Mrs. Byng crossed the third-floor landing, no sound came from behind the closed doors; the "fronts" were evidently out. "I'd never 'ave thought it of Miss Perkins!" sniffed Mrs. Byng, as she continued her upward trek. But no sound came from Miss Perkins's door, and Mrs. Byng, with a leap of the heart, realised that the uproar came from the top floor, the for-ever silent floor sacred to the two old gentlemen. "My 'cart stood still!" she said, later, to Mr. Byng. "Ole Mr. Borlase, I ses to meself, gone orf 'is pore ole rocker! What an end for the pore ole chap!"

But, as she paused, gasping, outside his door, she heard two voices, not one, upraised in altercation. She listened breathlessly.

"I tell you it's a dashed fine brute—lively as pepper—white sock on the foreleg——"

"Don't be a confounded fool! How the devil can you put a horse on a Christmas tree?"

"Confound *you*, Borlase! C'n tie the beast up to it, I s'pose—'f I like? Who's stoppin' me?"

"I'm stopping you! You can't put a horse on a Christmas tree!"

"Not on Christmas tree—*under* Christmas tree." Mr. Lambarde's enunciation was painstaking. "Be reas'nable, Borlase; if *you* can put a dashed great piano——"

"Piano one thing—horse n'other," Mr. Borlase was saying, equally carefully. "Grand piano—*yes*. Horse—*no*."

"And then," Mrs. Byng told her spouse, "I opened the door, sure as anything I'd got a coupla loonies to deal with; an' there, if you'll believe me, was old Mr. Borlase, 'is face red as a turkey-cock, shakin' 'is fist at ole Mr. Lambarde; an' there was ole Mr. Lambarde lookin' as if 'e meant to brain ole Mr. Borlase with the port-wine bottle——"

"What did I do? I put my 'ands on my 'ips," said Mrs. Byng, "an' I was jest going to ax them what they meant by raisin' such a shine on Christmas night, when the pair of 'em looks round, sees me,



"The pair of 'em looks round, sees me . . . an' they lifts up their glasses an' ses, 'Compliments of the season, Mrs. Byng' afore I could get a word out of my mouth."

an' if you'll believe me, they ups out of their chairs—an' it took 'em all their time to keep steady on their feet—an' they lifts up their glasses an' ses, 'Compliments of the season, Mrs. Byng' afore I could get a word out of my mouth."

"Wot, the pair of 'em tiddley on a coupla bottles?" said Mr. Byng scornfully. "Gow on!"

"If you'd 'ad as little in your stomach as them two pore ole gents 'as 'ad to-day, I wouldn't trust you with a bottle o' ginger-pop!" retorted Mrs. Byng.

"They didn't offer you a drink, I suppose?"

"Which they did, each an' sev'rally. D'you think I was going to rob the pore ole chaps that don't even get their glass of beer Sat'day nights, the way we do? Not much! I ses to 'em, 'Thank you very much, gentlemen, but I'm one of them as knows when they've 'ad enough; an' seeing I've bin keeping Christmas since eleven o'clock this morning, I'll be getting 'ome to Byng—seeing as 'ow you've got Mr. Lambarde to look after you, Mr. Borlase!'"

Thus, in the Battle of the Trees, ended the long warfare of Mr. Borlase and Mr. Lambarde, whose doors now stand open, and who are so continually in and out of each other's apartments that you would have difficulty in deciding which was Mr. Borlase's and which Mr. Lambarde's.

"It's getting on for Christmas, Sir," said Mrs. Byng, the other morning, when she was cleaning Mr. Borlase's frying-pan.

Mr. Borlase winked at Mr. Lambarde.

"Well, if we get our shopping done in good time this year——"

"We'll not miss the *little* Christmas trees," concluded Mr. Lambarde.

THE END.

The PRICE OF A SONG

BY ANTHONY GITTINS

THROUGH the darkness of a November evening, towards the lonely cottage he shuffled, with the hostile but hang-dog bearing of a vagrant who has for long been suspected and shunned by people at their doors. The single light in the cottage had caught his eye when he was two miles away down the lonely Devon valley. He was a tramp of the worst description; his name was John Albert Hemper; his age forty-three; and he had been hungry for many days.

As he passed up the steep gravel path leading to the front door, he heard a piano being played in the lighted room. The melody was a simple one, the rhythm catchy. Its gaiety, conflicting with his bitter mood, angered him. There was no bell. He knocked loudly.

The sound of the piano suddenly ceased. A moorland air swept the dull echoes from the garden, leaving in its wake a tense silence, as if Nature had gasped with surprise at the interruption and was breathlessly awaiting its consequences. Hearing footsteps, the man took off his hat, and held it against his ragged coat, in a cringing, servile manner. Immediately the door was opened, he cried huskily:

"Don't turn me away, Sir, don't turn me away! Gawd bless yer, Sir, I'm starvin'! I ain't touched food for——"

"Get out!" retorted the man who faced him. "This isn't a work-house. Go and beg somewhere else!"

And he slammed the door in the tramp's face.

Some minutes later, when the playing of the piano had been resumed, John Albert Hemper was still standing in the darkness outside the front door, and the position of his feet had not changed by so much as an inch. But his grimy fists were clenched, and the expression on his face was vindictive and utterly evil.

Indeed, if the pianist, who was alone in the cottage, could have read the signs in the tramp's face at that moment, he might have deemed it wise to close the window which stood wide-open behind him. The night was a warm one. However, he continued to play the melody which, by its gaiety and rhythm, had first stirred the tramp to angry resentment.

He was in his late forties. His name was Nevern, and he earned his livelihood by composing dance music. In this walk of life he had achieved noteworthy success, for many of his songs had passed into the répertoires of errand-boys and into the bellies of barrel-organs, incessantly to be whistled and regenerated at every street corner of western civilisation.

At this moment he was playing a fox-trot of his own composition, entitled "Lola, Lovely Lola." He had also written the words. And, obviously, he was devoted to the song, because he played it not once or twice, but again and again.

Outside in the darkness the tramp crept nearer and nearer to the open window. At certain other moments in his life he had been tempted to commit murder, but never before had the urge coincided with such a time, such a place, such an opportunity as this. He was suffering, too,

[Continued overleaf.]



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from the acutest pains of hunger, and maddened by the cheerfulness, the heartless flippancy of the music. It seemed all the while as if someone was laughing and scoffing at his unhappy, miserable condition.

The refrain of the song was dinning into his ears for the fifth time when, having made his grim decision, he peered cautiously into the room. With vicious, horrible satisfaction he observed that the man's back was towards him, and that there were no mirrors against the walls. As the music reached the concluding bars, he drew back his head and waited for the usual, immediate repetition of the piece. But this time there was a pause. He flattened himself against the wall of the cottage, and in the silent, twitching suspense that followed he was aware of the tune throbbing and hammering in his mind. It goaded him, enraged and embittered him, like the memory of a taunting phrase.

Then once more he heard the piano, and now, for the first time, Nevern was quietly singing to his own accompaniment. The tramp swung his legs over the low sill, and stood on the carpet about nine feet away from the man whom he intended to throttle. But in that moment he saw, by one wall, a tennis-racquet in its heavy, wooden press. Abruptly, instinctively, he decided to use it as a club. Then there could be no struggle. And so, as Nevern entered happily upon the refrain of the song, the tramp wrapped a dirty red bandanna round the handle of the racquet and crept up behind him . . .

The next moment, there was a dull-silence in the room, and Nevern, with his skull split open by the force of that tremendous blow, lay inert

on the floor. John Albert Hemper replaced the racquet against the wall, pocketed the bandanna, and thenceforward behaved with the complete unconcern of a man who has killed a rabbit.

A brief investigation of the cottage assured him that no one else, not even a servant, resided there. After that, he made a good meal in the kitchen, and was careful to leave no finger-marks. Then he went upstairs, and found a pair of brown shoes, socks, a shirt, tie and collar, flannel trousers and a tweed coat. These he put on. They were too small, but not remarkably so. He tied his own ragged clothes into a bundle, and, some hours later, dropped them into a river, after filling the pockets with stones.

He shaved, and rearranged everything in the bath-room as it had been. Returning downstairs, he found a wallet in the dead man's coat. Inside were nine one-pound notes and three ten-shilling ones. He took all the money, and replaced the wallet, still using his bandanna as a glove to avoid leaving finger-prints.

The time was now a quarter to ten. For a moment he was tempted to search the rooms for valuables, but the unaccustomed pleasure of a hearty meal had contented him, and the necessity for escape over-ruled every other inclination. He switched off the light, and left the cottage. All that night he walked over moorlands, and in the morning he came to Newton Abbot. Thence he took a train to London.

He arrived with several pounds still in his pocket. To him it seemed a mint of money. He bought another outfit of clothes at a second-hand

store, changed in a public cloak-room, emerged with his former attire in a brown-paper parcel, and dropped it into the Thames after dark. Then he found cheap lodgings, laid low, and awaited developments.

Some days later, Inspector Laurens, of Scotland Yard, was sitting in his room and talking to a stout, slightly over-dressed man named Oliver Carnegie. They had known each other for many years, and were good friends.

"Well," said Laurens, "thanks again. Good of you to bring this along." He indicated a large opened envelope which, addressed to Carnegie in Nevern's handwriting, had recently passed through the post. "It may help," he added. "The fellow who killed him seems to have left no traces at all."

"You think it was a tramp, do you?" asked Carnegie.

"Most likely," rejoined Laurens. "But we've made inquiries, and no one appears to have seen any tramps in that district for some time. Nevern's housekeeper, who came up daily from the nearest village, says that a lot of food has gone from the kitchen. She thinks some clothes have been taken, too; but she's not sure. He had so many."

"So you've nothing to go on at present?"

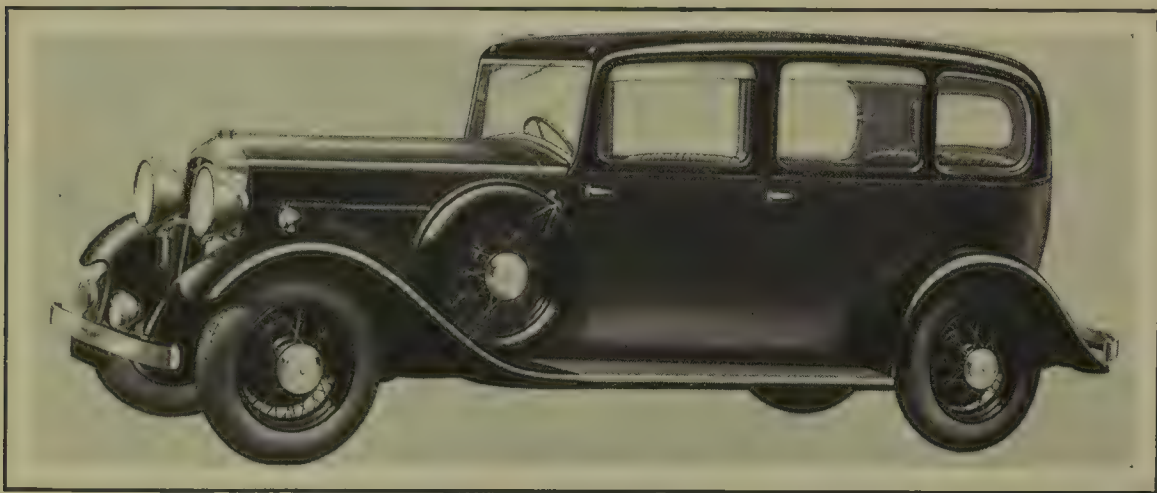
"Nothing more than the conjecture that it was a tramp. His weapon was Nevern's tennis-racquet." Laurens again picked up the large envelope. "The post-mark shows that this caught the first mail from the village the next morning. The last post at night leaves the village at 8 o'clock. Presumably he posted it himself, so he was alive after 8, anyway."

[Continued overleaf.]



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Carnegie was thoughtful. "He'd been hit from behind, had he?" Laurens nodded. "Evidently he was playing the piano at the time," he said.

They talked on for a while until Carnegie, looking at his watch, said he would have to go.

"Walking?" asked Laurens.

"Yes. Must have exercise."

The Inspector locked the envelope in a drawer and got up. "I'll come along with you."

Together they passed up Whitehall, crossed Trafalgar Square, and, walking slowly, entered the Charing Cross Road.

"Yes," said Carnegie. "I'm sorry about Nevern."

"You mean," Laurens remarked drily, "you're sorry about your own profits, Oliver!"

The other smiled and shrugged. "I suppose so," he admitted. "I never cared for him as a man. But he wrote darned successful songs. We've made a heap of money out of publishing his stuff."

"Stuff is right!" retorted Laurens. "I can't tell one jazz tune from another. Hardly, anyway."

"You've no ear," said Carnegie loftily. "Wait till we bring out this last one of his."

"Which? The one that he posted to you in that envelope?"

"Yes. It's a grand tune. It's called 'Lola, Lovely Lola.' It'll be a hit."

"I've got five minutes to spare," said Laurens, as they approached the offices of Oliver Carnegie and Son, Music Publishers. "You can play it to me, Oliver."

His friend grinned. "Sorry," he replied, "I'll have to refuse. It's our policy to keep a song dead quiet until it's published. That's why Nevern wrote in the country. You've no idea how many devils try to get hold of a new song before it's—" He stopped suddenly. "My God!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Laurens.

"That fellow there!" exclaimed Carnegie, pointing to an idler in front of them. "He—he's whistling it!"

"He's heard it somewhere," said Laurens.

"He couldn't have heard it!" retorted Carnegie excitedly, and listened again. "It's impossible! It hasn't been published! He must have—"

Laurens suddenly gripped his friend's arm. "Look here!" he exclaimed. "Why couldn't he have heard Nevern playing it? Don't you see?"

"But," said Carnegie stupidly, "he composed it down in Devonshire, and—"

"Anyone can go to Devonshire," Laurens rejoined curtly. He stared with a puzzled frown at the idler in front. Then he did a most unconventional thing.

Walking forward, he said to the lounge: "D'you mind telling me the name of that tune you're whistling? And also," he added slowly, "where you first heard it?"

Now, had John Albert Hemper known that he was whistling the very tune which he had heard Nevern playing, he would no doubt have been ready with some plausible reply. But ever since that night, the simple melody with its catchy rhythm had throbbed in his mind, and frequently, without thinking, he had hummed or whistled it.

The abrupt question unnerved him. For a moment, he was carried back to the night of his crime; the scene was vividly before his eyes. Now, unconsciously, he had revealed his association with it. This was his first panic thought, and he felt that he had irredeemably betrayed himself. He stared, and his face went white.

"I'm from Scotland Yard," said Laurens quietly, drawing a bow at a venture.

It was a well-timed aim and true. For a second, John Albert Hemper hesitated. Then he did a very foolish thing. He tried to run away, and cannoned blindly into stout Mr. Carnegie, who was just behind him. Then his arm was gripped.

After Hemper had been convicted, Laurens one day recalled the affair when talking to his friend Carnegie.

"Simply gave himself away," remarked Laurens. "If he'd said he was whistling 'Dreamy Midsummer Moon,' what—"

"It's nothing like 'Dreamy Midsummer Moon,'" retorted Carnegie, defending his beloved jazz against this scandalous suggestion that one fox-trot should resemble another.

"Pooh!" said Laurens, "it was exactly the same."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Carnegie, now quite indignant. "Nevern's song goes to D in the fourth bar, up to G in the seventh, and drops to B instead of A in the tenth. I'd recognise it anywhere. Totally different! Unmistakable!"

"I didn't know they were so distinct as all that," said Laurens.

Carnegie frowned. "You're not convinced, even now," he objected. He raised his voice. "Collins!"

A man entered from the next room. "Now, listen, Collins," said Carnegie. "What's the name of this tune?" And he whistled the refrain of "Lola, Lovely Lola."

"That tune, Sir?" replied Collins, smiling. "Why that's 'My Honey Says She Loves Me.' No mistaking it, Sir."

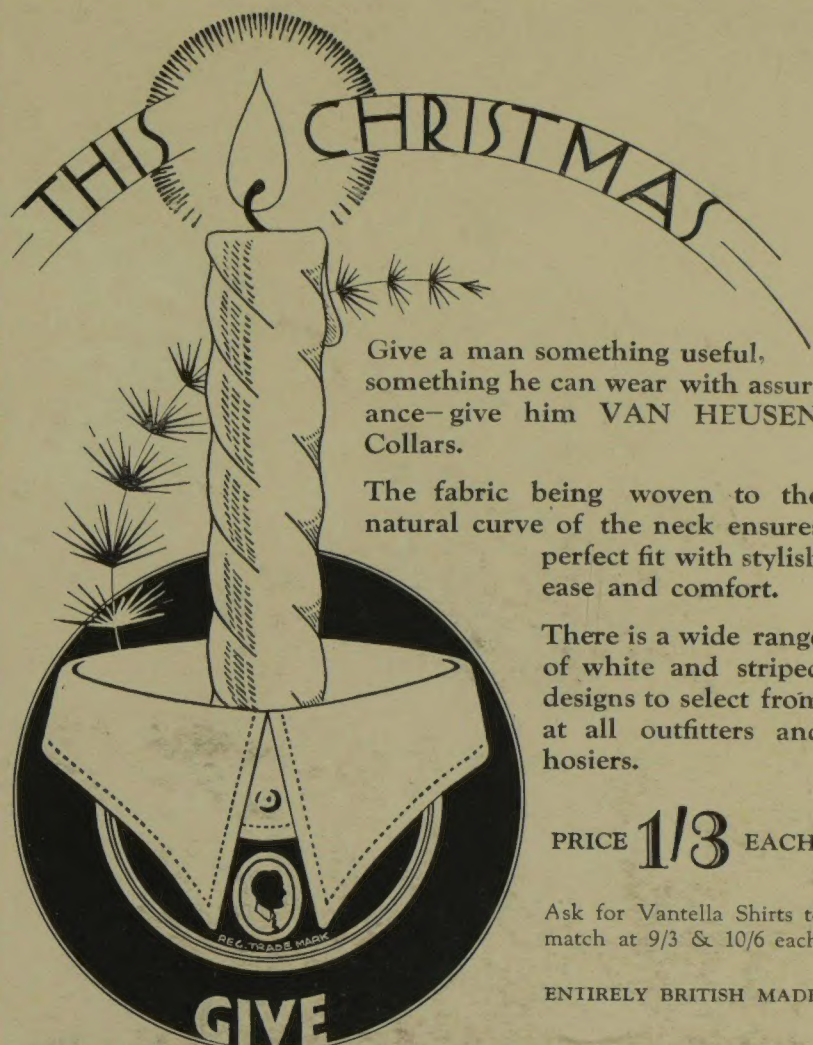
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